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CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 569

LEADING ARTICLES:

The Coal Tragedy ... 572
Danger in the Mediterranean 573

MIDDLE ARTICLES:

The Comedy of Westminster ... 574
Farmers' Bacon Factories. By
L. F. Easterbrook ... 575
The Truth about Publishing.
By T. Earle Welby ... 576
Stierism. By J. B. Priestley ... 577
Ragging at the Universities.
By Humbert Wolfe ... 579

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 580

P's AND Q's ... 582

VERSE:

Old Soldiers. By Gerald Barry 582

THE THEATRE:

Round the Town. By Ivor
Brown ... 583

MUSIC:

Opera at Bristol ... 584
New Gramophone Records ... 585

ART:

Three Exhibitions. By Anthony
Bertram ... 585

LITERARY COMPETITIONS:

Set by Anthony Bertram ... 586

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE 588

REVIEWS:

Mr. W. H. Davies. By Edward
Shanks ... 588
A General History of Notorious
Pirates ... 589

REVIEWS—Continued

H. G. Wells: Educationist ... 590
News of the Devil ... 590
Working Days ... 591

NEW FICTION. By L. P. Hartley:

A Man Could Stand Up ... 592
Mr. Gilhooley ... 592
Ironical Tales ... 592
The River Flows ... 592
The Fools ... 592

SHORTER NOTICES ... 593

ACROSTICS ... 594

MOTORING. By H. Thornton

Rutter ... 594

CITY NOTES ... 596

NOVEMBER MAGAZINES ... 597

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE *communiqués* dealing with the Imperial Conference have been as dull as we feared they would be, and we have therefore to content ourselves with speeches at official functions. Mr. Baldwin's speech at the Guildhall, in particular, leads us to hope that good progress is being made. It is true that he only devoted a few vague sentences to the conference itself, but his review of world affairs since the last Imperial conference was encouraging in the extreme. Three years ago, he reminded the Dominions delegates, Germany was on the brink of financial collapse, and the French were still in the Ruhr. Everywhere, except in China, the situation has improved, and one cannot believe that the Prime Minister would have so emphasized this improvement unless he felt that there was a corresponding improvement in the relations between different parts of the British Empire.

The semi-official Press in France and Germany is at pains to explain that the *rapprochement* which was to result from the talk at Thoiry cannot be

brought about in a day, and that steady progress is being made. Nothing, alas! could be further from the truth. We should not be surprised to hear, in the near future, either of M. Briand's resignation owing to the opposition of the rest of the Cabinet to his policy, or of a serious new fall in the franc. While financial collapse was imminent even the Poincaré Ministry was ready to conciliate Germany, the United States, or any other country. The recovery of the franc, however, has so strengthened the hands of the Right element that M. Poincaré, or at any rate many of his Ministers, believe they can return to the old Nationalist policy of isolation. They should not forget, however, that the collapse of the franc in 1923 was due to the absence of political moderation during the period of its steady recovery in 1920 and 1921.

There is a certain amount of hypocrisy in some of the comments on the denunciation by the Peking Government of the Chinese Treaty with Belgium. Europeans can exist in China without extra-territorial rights, as the ex-Allied Powers themselves proved by withdrawing these privileges from nationals of ex-enemy States. Nevertheless,

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this step provides sinister food for thought. The scrapping of the Treaty with Belgium, in itself illegal, is rendered doubly serious by the Chinese refusal to submit the matter to the Permanent Court of International Justice, since China has signed the Optional Clause of the Statute of this Court, by which she promises to submit any Treaty dispute with another Signatory State to the Court's jurisdiction. Clearly European Powers cannot continue to deal with a Government which is strong enough to treat its foreign obligations as scraps of paper while it is too weak to keep its own country in order. The time has come for them to consider very seriously transferring their recognition to the more drastic but much more efficient Government of Canton.

The Greek elections have passed off with a tranquillity which appears to have astonished the Government itself, since elaborate precautions had been taken to prevent disorders. Except for the ban on the Ministers of the Pangalos regime, the elections seem to have been carried out with an impartiality which is unusual in the Balkans, and the absence of disorder is, in itself, an encouraging portent for the future. Still more important is the definite victory of the Republicans, which should lead to a cessation of the activities of Royalist conspirators, and should thereby improve the chances of Greece obtaining a new international loan to complete the work of establishing her refugees from Asia Minor. The danger of a fundamental crisis, is, therefore, greatly diminished, but temporary political difficulties remain, since no one party has secured a clear majority, and Coalitions are difficult in a country where intrigue is as rife as it is in Greece. There is a possibility, but not a probability, of a National Coalition, but the safest and most likely solution would seem to be an alliance between the Liberal-Unionists and the third strongest party, which consists of the followers of General Metaxas.

Armistice Day was worthily observed this year as the Day of Remembrance: the wish of the people that festivities should be postponed was universally respected, and the dancing and dining were reserved for the following day. The manner in which this observance of the Armistice persists, and indeed deepens, as the war recedes is surely of significance. The right spirit is still there, but it gets little chance of showing itself. The Prime Minister constantly proves by his utterances that he himself understands the need the nation has for unity and mutual understanding—virtues conspicuous in the war, and conspicuously lacking since—but what response do his appeals elicit from industry? The sentiments of the people as shown by events like the Armistice should encourage him and those who feel with him to put their faith to the test.

The rationing of coal is causing much annoyance and inconvenience without any visible reason. People are beginning to say rationing was introduced as a political move, to make them realize that there is a coal stoppage—as if they had not

sufficient cause to realize that already. We hear of cases where people are unable to move into a new home, being at the mercy of the coal man, who will not promise delivery because he is uncertain of supplies, while the "pirate" coalman still calls from door to door, under the noses of the police. He runs a small covered van, and, for a price, is willing to supply a sack or two without a permit. How this is done, the coal trade knows best, but it certainly is being done. The good temper of the public is proverbial, and indeed, we are sometimes tempted to wish that it were less good. Throughout the coal dispute the public has been the chief sufferer, but because it remains unvoiced, both disputants and the Government have ignored it. In the long run its voice will prevail. The coal dispute has tested the country more strongly than the Cabinet seem to realize. It is putting up with a great deal now, but when the time comes it will have its say.

The Home Secretary was distinctly disappointing in the House of Commons on Tuesday, on the subject of two-seater taxicabs. When the taxicab owners first defied him on the question of fares, and he replied by licensing two-seaters to ply at a lower rate, it seemed rather a bright retort. But that is months ago, and the firms holding the new licences seem as far as ever from getting their two-seaters on to the streets. Meantime the taxicabs thrive like ducks in the rainy weather, and the impatience of the public grows. Sir W. Joynson-Hicks is not a man to be easily beaten; but we remember how the taxi-drivers backed us up during the general strike (not to mention their philanthropy during the war), and we would remind him that it is still his move.

The bookmakers' strike had its comic side, but it would be a mistake to regard it as a purely humorous interlude. In its own way, and on its small scale, it was as much a strike against the State as the general strike itself. It will fizzle out, of course, though the Liverpool meeting has suffered; but it has caused considerable and quite unnecessary inconvenience to the race-going public, and has given an undesirable impetus to illegal betting. If it had forced the authorities to adopt the only logical policy of legalizing all betting, and at the same time introducing totalizators on the course, it would indeed have been a blessing in disguise. Unfortunately, no one seems inclined to do anything so vigorous. We shall muddle along in the old way for another half-century or so, rather than offend the bookies or the newspapers that derive their income from "tipping."

The rapid opening and shutting of the doors of Tube trains in the late hours of the evening has long been a public inconvenience. On one Tube railway in particular there are so few officials on the trains at that time of night that they frequently fail to see when passengers are trying to get off, and carry them on to the next station. It is quite bad enough to have to walk an extra mile or more in the rain or snow through no fault

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of your own; but from being a mere nuisance, the thing may easily become a public danger. The recent story of the girl whose dress was alleged to have been caught in the closing doors as the train started, and who only broke away (with the loss of her skirt) within a few feet of the edge of the tunnel, may very well have been exaggerated, but we purposely mention the matter now before it becomes more serious. It is simply a question of putting on more officials, and this wealthy monopolist concern ought to do so.

Sometimes we wish that the elderly people who are so free with their criticisms of youth would pay heed to the faults of themselves and their generation. Lately the University woman, more especially she at Oxford and Cambridge, has come under the lash. There are too many of her; it is suggested that she imparts an air of frivolity to these serious strongholds of knowledge. Now there are two callings eminently fitted for women—teaching and nursing. The majority of girls who go to Oxford and Cambridge do so with the intention of taking a degree, or its equivalent, which will give them standing in the future. And to this end they are encouraged and aided. The girl who desires to take up nursing has to go through the same period of training. But with what encouragement? She is treated like a drudge in a fifth-rate boarding-house. No woman in factory or domestic service would stand the long hours she has to be on duty. Her food is usually atrocious, her leave limited. And all this is directly due to elderly women. If the Universities be too crowded with women, why not attempt to attract some to the hospitals? There is to-day a serious lack of trained nurses, but so long as the training is what it is, this lack will continue.

The Roscoe Brunner tragedy was painful enough without the ghoulish efforts of the cheap Press. Mr. Ingleby Oddie, the coroner in the case, rendered a public service by his protest—endorsed by the jury—against “the indecent manner in which certain popular newspapers dealt with the case,” dragging out irrelevant details from the past in order to swell net sales. A Coroner’s Bill is now before Parliament, and we hope that this latest example of the modern newspapers’ lack of control is sufficiently blatant to cause the insertion in the Bill of a clause making it an offence in the eyes of the law to comment on inquest cases while they remain *sub judice*. Excuses may be found for the creature who feeds on corpses, but none for the Press-magnate who thinks he can safely defile the dead and add a few more pence to his hoard. It ought not to remain legally impossible to libel the dead.

If the Gunpowder Plot had happened to have been discovered in the summer, when the daylight (with the assistance of “summer time”) continues until close upon the hour when a man must be back in college, the annual celebrations would get very little space indeed in the popular Press. As it is, the chief importance of the day, from the news editor’s point of view, is that it marks the opening of the helmet-snatching season

at Oxford and Cambridge. Why a specimen of this honourable but unromantic headgear should be so eagerly sought after as a decoration for undergraduates’ rooms is a matter that one understands less and less as one grows older, though Mr. Wolfe, in his essay in another column, explains that once at least it was simply a matter of temperature. But police witnesses who complained to the Cambridge magistrates on Saturday of having been struck on the back of the head, undoubtedly owed the attack not to any cowardly desire to hit them from behind, but simply to the irresistible attraction of their head-dress. No undergraduate can resist it.

The fuss about the Queen’s Hall concerts and the menace of competition from the B.B.C. hardly seems to be justified by the facts. On Tuesday evening the B.B.C. gave the third of their admirable Symphony Concerts at the Albert Hall; Dr. Strauss had come over specially from Germany to conduct a programme of his own music—and the Hall was (we should compute) not half full! We must bear in mind that the Albert Hall is an enormous building and that its acoustic properties are not ideal; nevertheless, it seems to us the public might more valiantly have supported a very commendable enterprise. Those who were there were rewarded by hearing a large orchestra play exceedingly well. Dr. Strauss is perhaps not an ideal conductor of his own compositions, lacking some of the fire necessary to pieces like his ‘Don Juan’—easily the best thing of the evening. The ‘Alpine Symphony’ is for those who like “programme music”; the Festal Prelude is a bombastic set-piece. These concerts provide an admirable opportunity to the public to hear good music and first-class musicians “on the cheap.”

It is an old question whether the brain can be reached more quickly and effectively through the eye or the ear. To-day the eyes have it: but will broadcasting, as it develops, bring back the vogue of the ear? Take the all-important matter of advertising. In the old days the tradesman who wished to attract customers had a big drum banged at his doorway. Nowadays window-dressing has become a profession; but with the rising price of street frontage in buildings and of advertising space in newspapers, is it so wildly improbable to suppose that soon the big firms will find they can appeal more cheaply and effectively to potential customers by a little morning talk on the wireless?

Lord Beaverbrook has made another speech. This time it was to the Old Colony Club and he spoke in confidential vein, telling the story of an anonymous letter-writer who wrote: “I once met one of Beaverbrook’s schoolmates, and I heard that he was not clever. But he has been a lucky speculator. . . .” Modestly, his lordship added that he was not clever as a boy, and is not clever now, but he seems to think the public will discredit it. “I think that they might make me Prime Minister,” he went on, “if I could only persuade the public that I am not clever.” Lord Beaverbrook has in his lifetime surely undertaken more formidable tasks of persuasion than this.

THE COAL TRAGEDY

WHETHER the miners go back to work in a mass or in single file they are beaten, as they well know. We cannot achieve eloquence on such a victory, or rejoice in the defeat of a million subjects of the King, nearly all of them respectable, some of them true aristocrats of labour. Whatever our judgments, the result must leave us all depressed. For the institution of democracy rests on the assumption that in any large and representative body of men common sense is likely to prevail over folly within a reasonable time, and the really worrying thing about this coal stoppage is not the losses that it has brought on the country, though these have exceeded those of the Boer War, or of two or three years of war with the great Napoleon, but the evidence of crass and widespread incompetence that it has afforded. The Englishman is credited throughout the world with the possession, to a degree that amounts to genius, of the gift for compromise and for adapting himself to changing circumstances. His enemies say that he has neither logic nor principles, but is the supreme example in history of the successful empiricist. But the history of the last six months has fallen below even the detraction of our enemies. It reads as though a million Englishmen had unanimously gone mad and deliberately rejected the counsels of expediency and even the evidence of their senses.

It is certainly true that the leadership of the men has been more inept than in any previous dispute in our whole industrial history. The miners' leaders have so grossly mismanaged things that in the course of six months they have converted every other trade union in the country from a keen friend to a bitter and relentless critic. In particular they have in Mr. Cook probably the greatest "ass" that has ever wielded anything like his power in this country. But these are not so much excuses as reproaches to miners who have always been credited with an exceptional political intelligence, even in a democracy reputed the most intelligent in the world. They elected their leaders, they condoned their rant and their moral cowardice, and except in the Midlands they have stood by them by large majorities to the very end. Our sympathy with the miners in their suffering and defeat does not alter the fact that they have principally themselves to blame, and that they have disgraced our reputation throughout the world for political ability and practical common sense. Nor, it should in fairness be added, have the coal owners done much during the dispute to make the country either love their character or admire their ability.

Some such thoughts as these seem to have been at the back of Mr. Baldwin's mind when he spoke at the Guildhall this week; but, characteristically, he gave his strong censures a charitable turn. He thinks that we are passing through an industrial revolution, and that this fact should temper our censure. "The turmoil of new and undigested ideas," he says, "playing upon an industrial society at the moment in process of readjustment is bound to beget misunderstanding, hardship and folly," but he holds that we shall come peacefully through this industrial revolution as we did through our last. History never repeats

itself exactly, and the difference is marked between our circumstances now and in the period of prolonged depression which followed the war with Napoleon and led to the most prosperous time in our industrial history. Then there were vast tracts of the earth's surface in America, North and South, and in Africa and in our Dominions, empty but ready to pour fresh wealth into the rest of the world; it was a time of mechanical invention which vastly increased the productive capacity of the individual worker when the world was ready to absorb the products; our rivals were few and hardly counted; the prevailing philosophy was stark individualism, and the duty of hard work was everywhere preached like a gospel. All these conditions are altered in our times and to our disfavour. It may well be that we shall lose our supremacy in the heavy staple industries and be forced to develop on new industrial lines, and that we shall have to find in intensive development of our trade with the Dominions compensation for markets lost elsewhere.

The real origin of the coal stoppage if we can get away from its details and its catchwords is plain enough. There are more men in the industry than it can support. Either wages had to be cut down to below the subsistence level if the old numbers were to be employed, or a smaller number of men must produce the same output. That was the real meaning of the employers' insistence on longer hours and of the obstinacy of the men's resistance to them. They recognized instinctively that they meant permanently throwing out of their employment large numbers of miners. And the end of the stoppage, whether it comes gradually or suddenly, will inevitably have that result for a very large minority. It is a conservative estimate that the number of miners in the future will be nearer three quarters of a million than a million, and at a time when the figures of the unemployed have mounted to a million and a half, two or three hundred thousand miners will be added. It is a sad outlook, dismal to think about, but still more dismal to experience.

It is not perhaps surprising, but it is to be regretted, that there should have been such reluctance to face the facts fairly. We have tried in the course of the dispute to soften its outlines, because we recognized that the self-inflicted wounds of a great strike were the worst of all preparation for the real problems that lie ahead. Not for many years shall we recover from the injury of this stoppage, and, as Mr. Churchill warned us would be the case, the greatest injury has been done in these later months. The stoppage need never have begun, and it might have been settled several times over with good leadership. But soften the outlines of the dispute as we might, there were always two hard alternatives between which we had to choose. Either the mines must produce the same output by fewer men working longer hours, and also (for this is no less important) by improvements in organization and equipment; or the mines must become an artificially protected industry like agriculture before the industrial revolution. The first alternative is prevailing, but we deceive ourselves if we pretend that all the going will be easy and plain when the men are ordered back to work. A large minority will never work again in the

mines, and the problem of unemployment will be aggravated. Doubtless it is the only way, but it will be exceedingly hard.

It was the Conservatives who did most to soften the rigours of the last industrial revolution, and the same task awaits them in the new revolution on which Mr. Baldwin believes that we are entering. The moral of our sufferings in the coal dispute is certainly not that we should revert to pure *laissez-faire*, but the very opposite. Probably individual enterprise has the best chance of bringing us through our troubles, but that certainly does not mean that the Government must stand by as an idle spectator. The constructive policy that will help us through our troubles is, however, a problem so vast that it covers almost the whole field of politics, and we can here do no more than indicate its fringes. It is a reflection on our political intelligence hardly less grave than the continuance of Mr. Cook in his present position is on that of the miners that the merits of the dispute should have been discussed as though no one had any rights but the disputants. The great overriding interest of the community has found no champions. The country will look to the Government to repair this neglect. If the view that we have taken of the issues in the coal stoppage be correct, the strike or lock-out on a national scale is clearly an obsolete weapon that should now be cast out from our midst. It can produce no good results that could not be reached more rapidly and surely by reason, and inevitably it weakens the power of the country to cope with industrial problems, which are grave enough without this lowering of the country's vitality.

It is not worth while tinkering with reforms in the law of trade unions, for these will arouse as much opposition as a greater and more comprehensive measure. The Government should start with two main principles. The first is that it is the guardian of the general interest, and as such cannot allow any section, however important, to carry on its disputes by methods that injure the general well-being. The second principle is that whatever may be thought of local and partial strikes, a national strike differs in the degree of its severity, but not in nature from a general strike. Both are blockades of the rest of the country, and their efficiency depends entirely on the degree of suffering that they cause to neutrals and non-combatants. Inevitably, too, these national disputes tend to become political in character, subservient to a political theory which is foreign to our traditions, an unconstitutional dictation of policy to the Government of the day.

The same rules should apply to these internal blockades of the prime necessities of industry and ordered life that apply under the Covenant of the League to wars between nations. They should be illegal if they are begun without warning, or without recourse to arbitration, or after wilful and unreasonable defiance of an arbitral award, and sanctions should be laid down for breaches of these rules. In a word, no measure of reform in trade union law will be worth the time and argument which does not bring our domestic industrial disputes to the same level of civilization as the Covenant of the League brings international disputes.

DANGER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

ACCORDING to an official *communiqué* issued by the French Foreign Office, M. Briand, in conversation with the Italian Ambassador in Paris, "observed with pleasure the spirit of friendship and confidence in which a settlement of the incidents at Tripoli, Bengazi and Ventimiglia has proceeded." Further, Signor Mussolini has handed two notes to the French Ambassador in Rome in which these incidents are "keenly deplored" by the Italian Government. Thus the Franco-Italian friction which followed the latest attempt on the life of Il Duce ceases to exist officially, and there is once again talk of a possible meeting between M. Briand and Signor Mussolini to clear away any obstacles there may still be to closer Franco-Italian agreement. It is strange how the ridiculous war-time habit of issuing optimistic official *communiqués* on every possible occasion still obtains, for the relations between Paris and Rome are almost as strained as were those between Rome and Berlin at the time of the incidents in Tirol some months ago.

The Garibaldi incident is worthy of some study. Colonel Ricciotti Garibaldi has always enjoyed a certain prestige because of the name he bore, but those who know this rather ineffectual grandson of a great man are not astonished by the latest disclosures as to his mode of living. There seems to be very little doubt that he has posed as a friend of Italian political exiles in France in order to betray them to Rome as soon as, with his encouragement, they had planned any steps against the Fascist regime. Colonel Garibaldi's morals are not our affair, but his cross-examination by the French police has revealed the unsavoury and dangerous methods which the Italian Government has adopted in order to rid itself of its opponents. Of late there have appeared in the Italian newspapers violent attacks on France because sterner measures were not taken to deal with Italian conspirators on French territory. The first important arrest reveals plenty of plotting, but plotting which is scarcely of a nature to enhance the prestige of the Fascist regime. It is not surprising that many Frenchmen are indignant that an Italian Chief of Police should take it upon himself to visit France with a forged passport in order to hand over money to an Italian *agent provocateur*. In the present case the French Government will probably decide to extradite Colonel Garibaldi, but, if Italy continues to adopt such methods, it is easy to foresee occasions upon which they might lead to very serious international disputes. It has even been suggested that the Fascist Government has encouraged Colonel Macia in his musical-comedy plot against Spain in order to create difficulties for France. This is possible, but we prefer to believe that the Italian Government knew nothing of Colonel Macia, and that Colonel Garibaldi betrayed him to Paris, as he is alleged to have betrayed his own compatriots to Rome. Should further examination, however, implicate the Fascist Government, we should already be faced by a crisis resulting from the effort to extend methods of Fascismo outside the country of its origin.

Those people who see in Fascismo—and rightly—a force which has ended industrial strikes and begun railway punctuality will doubtless feel that we exaggerate the importance of a few isolated incidents. It is only natural, they will say, that public indignation against impressionable and half-witted youngsters who make attempts on Signor Mussolini's life should result in unpleasant episodes in which foreigners may be involved. If an officer of the Fascist Militia "suggests" to the French Consul at Benghazi that he should hoist the Italian flag, the matter is one of small importance. And if the new Fascist regulations make it possible for a thoughtless foreigner to be sentenced to a long term of imprisonment by a court martial for criticizing the present regime in Italy, one should remember, we shall be told, that Signor Mussolini has dangerous and unpatriotic enemies to deal with. All this is true, and we appreciate it. But unfortunately we know that there are other factors which must be taken into account, factors so serious that France is reported greatly to have strengthened her fortifications along that part of her frontier which marches with Italy.

We have frequently drawn attention to the economic impulses which make Italy as desirous of modifying the present European *status quo* as France is of maintaining it. Italy needs raw materials and new outlets for her population. One day she is reported to be preparing war on Yugoslavia; the next she is striving to obtain control of the Balkans; the next she is plotting with Greece to declare war on Turkey, and the next she has designs on Abyssinia or Syria. Always she is an element of unrest. No Fascist leader ever makes an important speech without referring to the need of aggrandisement, and if, for reasons of policy, he omits reference to the new Italian naval bases in the Mediterranean, every Frenchman knows that these new fortifications are built with a view to a possible war against France. Italians predominate over other Europeans in French Northern Africa, and it is difficult to believe that the recent Italo-Spanish Agreement is in no way hostile to the interests of France. With all these considerations before us we cannot view the future of the Mediterranean with complete equanimity.

It cannot be said that we in this country are not directly interested in incidents which may occur at Ventimiglia or elsewhere, for the Mediterranean is to us almost as important as it is to Italy, and quite as important as it is to France. We desire friendship between France and Italy just as much as we desire friendship between France and Germany and, in our view, the way to further that friendship is not to pretend that incidents such as those which occurred after the attempt at Bologna have no importance, but, on the contrary, to analyse their cause and estimate the probability of their renewal. Their cause, above all, is the violent anti-foreign, and especially anti-French, campaign which continues month after month in the Fascist Press, and their renewal is almost inevitable until Signor Mussolini abandons this policy of winning prestige at home as a strong man by attacking foreign nations whose patience under provocation most of his followers are foolish enough to interpret as a sign of weakness.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

THE House of Commons lacks all journalistic sense, for it rarely, except when a war has begun or is about to begin, talks about the news of the day or about the things that are uppermost in men's minds. No one in or outside the House is thinking about anything but coal, the injury to national well-being of national strikes and lock-outs, the reform of trade union law, taxes and how we are going to pay them, national expenditure and how we can reduce it. But Parliamentary business is so arranged that these are just the subjects that there is no chance of discussing when they are hot, and instead we are condemned to a pretence of interest in the Electricity Bill and a Merchandise Marks Bill. One has only to look up to the half-empty Strangers' Gallery these days to feel the divorce between the thoughts that are in our minds and the words that are on our lips. The public cannot endure the divorce, and stays away from our debates; the member endures, and carries on. It is to his credit that the House is as full as it is, though it is to be feared that the smoking rooms are often fuller than the Chamber.

* * *

The Electricity Bill, which has been debated all the week on the report stage, had a very rough passage in Committee upstairs, and it is amazing that the opposition has still any steam left to blow off. Exactly how strong the opposition is is uncertain, for it has not divided on its innumerable amendments; but certainly it comes almost entirely from the Conservative benches. It is to be hoped that one of the three musketeers (Mr. Dennis Herbert, Mr. George Balfour and Sir Joseph Nall) who are sharpshooting the bill from the Ministerial benches will force a division before the end of the week, for it will show exactly how strong numerically the "big business" section is among the Conservatives. In debate it is persistent and ingenious, but the harder it rubs the duller the surface becomes. Sir Douglas Hogg, who is in charge of the Bill, is a little too openly sarcastic towards the Conservative opposition, and there have been some sharp passages between him and Mr. Dennis Herbert. One service, however, the Conservative opposition has rendered. It has disproved the gibe that Conservatives do not know how to criticize their own Government.

* * *

It has been calculated that on an average day three out of four questions asked in Parliament begin with "How many" or "How much." The zeal of this House for statistics has surely never been equalled. Perhaps it is symptomatic of a time when the average man must needs cast up his accounts frequently to assure himself of his solvency. As individuals, and as a nation, we are living from hand to mouth as we have never done before. The figures of unemployment given by the Minister of Labour—a million and a half apart from the coal miners—are ghastly, and afford a better measure of the injury that is being done by the coal stoppage than the information, also given this week, that the direct damages from loss of production due to the coal stoppage are between 250 and 300 millions.

* * *

One of the reproaches brought against this House will be that it has failed to put the national argument on the coal stoppage as distinguished from the arguments of the two contestants. There are still some 35 million people in these islands who are neither coal-owners nor miners nor members of their families, but you would not think it from the forms that discussion has taken. Captain Dixie, one of the young

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Conservatives, has not brought in his Bill for compulsory arbitration this week, but is expected to do so next. The delay is due to his desire to test opinion, and, of course, a private member's Bill on a subject of that magnitude cannot, in the nature of things, get very far. But if it were introduced it would do something to remove a very serious reproach on this Parliament's failure to stand up for the national interest as distinguished from that of the two quarrelsome parties.

* * *

The Liberals have applied at last for a writ for Central Hull, Commander Kenworthy's constituency. The privilege of applying for a writ for an election is by custom reserved to the party of the retiring member, and it is notorious that Mr. Lloyd George was anxious for an arrangement with Labour by which the Liberals should not oppose Commander Kenworthy in Hull, in return for a similar undertaking by Labour in Colonel Jackson's constituency in the Howdenshire division. The coquettish gesture has failed to produce a response; in the technical jargon of these street flirtations the parties have failed to "click." One wonders how long a party pursuing its privilege could delay its application for a writ.

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There have been two scenes this week which will linger in the memory. One is the spectacle of Colonel Fraser, the blind member, bringing his Bill to exempt blind people from the broadcasting fee of ten shillings to the Clerk of the House, and being guided up the floor by Major Ruggles-Brise. His speech introducing the Bill was one of the nicest short speeches ever made in the House—using "nice" in its right sense of just and exact. The other is of a hushed and attentive House to a speech of Mr. T. P. O'Connor on the American 'Unknown Warrior' film. His fatherhood of the House is now a very sage and mellow thing.

SECOND CITIZEN

FARMERS' BACON FACTORIES

BY L. F. EASTERBROOK

THE report on co-operative bacon factories by the committee of investigation appointed by the National Farmers' Union* is not a cheering document. It relates how three out of the four post-war factories have been forced "to suspend curing operations as a result of somewhat unhappy circumstances" (as it is euphemistically put), and recommends no extension of curing facilities for the time being. Neither of the two older factories has attained its "maximum earning capacity."

From the valuable work of this committee, however, some interesting and useful points may be gathered which should help to build up a new conception of the work of co-operative bacon production on sounder foundations. They are: (1) That the factories have only been able to work at half capacity, adding, in one recorded case, 1s. 7d. to the price of curing each pig. (2) That the supplies of pigs have not only been short, but unsuitable in quality. (3) That the co-operative concerns have not been able to pay the producer any generally better price than the private firms pay. These three points may be co-ordinated in the statement that competition for suitable English bacon pigs is so keen that the farmer was already receiving their full value from the private firms.

This is the key to the situation, and unfortunately it has never been fully realized. The failure to do so

springs from a misconception of agricultural co-operation in this country. Its real object is to help the farmer to help himself—a collective effort to acquire better organization and more education in certain aspects of his profession, so that his goods and products may be bought, sold and produced more efficiently and economically. But the English idea of it is simply a means to short-circuit the great profits the middle-man in agriculture is supposed to make, so that they may come into the pockets of the co-operative farmer members. In other words, a co-operative society is thought of as a rival firm competing with private enterprises. The only idea of helping themselves is to help themselves to the profits. In this case a survey of the depreciated shares of many of the non-co-operative firms, trained in the business and dependent on it for their livelihood, should have shown that these profits were not to be had, and that on such lines the efforts of unselfish but inexperienced amateurs had little chance of being successful. The co-operative factory has been looked upon as an end in itself, not as an incidental piece of machinery in helping the producer to grow pigs profitably.

The best English bacon cannot be beaten either for quality or price. It is obvious, therefore, that the greatest service co-operation could do for the British farmer in this direction would be to help him to produce a higher percentage of it. (The average percentage of grade A bacon pigs supplied to the factories has been from ten to fifteen.) It is equally obvious that the farmers, by genuine co-operative effort, are the men to do it. The pedigree pig-breeders are far too interested in the finer points of their particular breeds to worry much about bacon pigs, and, as we are told every other day, no one wants farming from Whitehall.

First get your bacon pig, and then cure it. But the co-operative bacon factories followed the opposite procedure. They cheerfully built large and expensive factories, although as they were repeatedly told at the time there was small prospect of their being able to work at full capacity, much less get enough of the right kind of pigs. Is there any other productive industry in which an adequate supply of raw material would not have been first ensured? In other countries, where co-operation is better understood, the first aim of the movement has been to establish a breed of pig that will give a high percentage of animals suitable for bacon purposes. This done, they have given their agriculturists every possible opportunity to establish this strain in their herds, and followed it up with propaganda and education in every imaginable way to help the producers to produce what is wanted. It is admittedly a more difficult task than the mere killing and curing of the pigs submitted, selling the bacon, and re-distributing the money obtained for it, but it has been done, and it is this kind of help the pig-breeder needs, rather than the excessive concentration on middle-men's profits. As Mr. Ford remarks, "A business that only makes a profit has failed," and while there is already adequate organization in this country for the distribution of bacon, there is too much private competition for unlimited profiteering. It is hardly fair to blame the rank and file of the farmers for regarding their bacon factories as mere rivals to the private firms when this has been the essential idea of their initiators.

Another point that arises in the N.F.U. report is the question of contracts. Should the member of a co-operative bacon society be bound by contract to supply a certain number of pigs to his factory? On this the committee were divided, Mr. Crawford and Mr. Ryland being against it on the grounds that it does not guarantee a minimum price, puts a premium on inefficient factory management, and ties farmers to one outlet; while Lord Linlithgow, Sir Basil Mayhew, Mr. Hasler and Mr. Street, the other members, favour the contract system. Two factories have tried

* 'Co-operative Bacon Factory Industry.' National Farmers' Union, 45 Bedford Square, W.C.1. 6d.

contracts—the Four Counties Factory and the Oxfordshire Factory. In the former case they were a failure, but it is significant that the latter factory is the only one of the post-war factories still running, although contracting members defaulted to the extent of 5,000 pigs in 1925. In neither case did the committees enforce penalties for non-observance of contract. "Obviously," says the report, "if one party to the contract has no serious intention of keeping it, and the other is reluctant to enforce it, the system cannot be other than a farce."

Danish co-operation started with a voluntary system; it was soon found that contracts and the observance of them were essential. Contracts strengthen societies' credit, enable them to take better stock of where they stand, ensure a steady turnover and control of raw material, and allow for that planning to meet future emergencies which has been so conspicuously absent in this movement. If the members consider their business is being inefficiently handled, they have it in their power to change the management. The no-contract system lends itself too easily to abuse, so that members send to their factory the most unsuitable pigs (which the management do not always care to refuse for fear of giving offence), and often do not hesitate to accept a better temporary offer from another firm to get their business. The no-contract system puts any co-operative society concerned in production in the position of existing perpetually on sufferance and from hand to mouth.

But supposing a national effort of agriculturists were made to establish a breed, or cross-breed, of bacon pig that would produce a high percentage of grade A bacon (something of the sort is in the air already); supposing facilities were given to an annually increasing number of farmers to get this strain into their herds, assisted by the advice of experienced agriculturists, paid for the job, who were available with their help when it was demanded; supposing, when this was established in centres throughout England, co-operative factories were then erected with a capacity adapted to the supply of raw material, whose perpetual aim it would be to maintain not only the standard of the cured product, but of the raw material as well; supposing, in return for this expenditure of money and energy on the producer's behalf, he was expected to contract to send so many of his pigs to his factory, with penalties insisted upon for non-observance; and, finally, supposing a central selling agency were created, as the report suggests, to sell "English Farmers' Bacon," surely then we should have achieved something worthy to be called "co-operation"; and if it were found, as it well might be, that the co-operative factories were unnecessary because so many firms were competing, co-operation would still have given us the one thing the pig-breeder and the nation most requires: the raw material that will produce a level, high-standard quality of bacon—the one thing which, curiously enough, co-operative bacon societies have so far made no serious effort to create.

We are sending some £55,000,000 abroad every year to buy foreign pig-meat. Because our best is better than their best, we could grow most of it at home. But because their organization gives them a far better average product than our disorganization allows, it is the imported bacon upon which the retailer prefers to rely. We must go further back than the factory, further back, even, than the farm. The problem must be approached from a national and truly co-operative point of view. We must realize where we have gone wrong and how, as farmers, we can work together to do better. It is in this light that the N.F.U. committee has approached the problem, and that is why their report on the failure of co-operative bacon factories is, perhaps, the most co-operative thing yet accomplished in that movement.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PUBLISHING

By T. EARLE WELBY

THERE is no business of vital concern to the nation of which the average educated person knows so little as this of publishing. Even among authors it is common to find ignorance regarding the conditions under which books are produced and distributed. The dissipation of this ignorance is an indispensable preliminary to any improvement of the economic position of the book industry, and a very real service to literature has been rendered by Mr. Stanley Unwin by writing 'The Truth About Publishing,' which his firm has lately issued. Those who know something of publishing will agree that it is much the fullest and most nearly impartial work yet devoted to the subject, but it will be a pity if it is read only by those who already have some interest in publishing. For what we need, if there is to be a wholesome and adequate development of the book industry, is that the entire reading public should become acquainted with the difficulties which beset publishers and others concerned in the distribution of contemporary literature, and should understand where the ordinary reader can co-operate. The urgency of some such educative effort as Mr. Unwin has made, arises, of course, from the enhanced cost of production. Roughly, it costs between twice and three times as much to put a book on the market now as it did before the war. Paper, which cost about 2½d. a lb. in 1913, now costs about 4d. Binding costs are difficult to compare, on account of the variation of rates according to the qualities ordered, but in any event binding is not less than twice as costly as it was thirteen years ago. Where composition is the largest item, that is, where editions are small, the total cost of production is very nearly or quite three times what it would have been in 1913. To set against this, there is no compensating increase in the market for books. There may be more people reading to-day than then, but it is certain that the potential purchasers of certain classes of books are not more numerous now than then.

The gravest difficulty with which the publisher is faced is not, however, novel. It arises out of the fact that, unlike most other producers, the publisher cannot expect more than one transaction with any particular customer in respect of any particular article. The manufacturer of soap, once he has managed by advertisement or otherwise to get a tablet of his soap to a particular customer, and has given satisfaction, may look for patronage extending over years: the publisher knows that, as a rule, the man who buys one copy of a book will never need another. This very simple but absurdly often forgotten fact militates against the adoption of the methods by which other commodities are sold. Take advertising in the daily papers. Those which have huge circulations naturally set a high price on their space. It is worth it to the seller of soap or tea or a patent medicine; but since the publisher cannot look for a repetitive demand, he must count on getting an adequate return at once from the unrepeatable transactions following on the advertisement. His expectations will seldom be satisfied, and indeed, it is fantastic that he should entertain them in regard to any but a microscopic minority of his books. Were he to sit down in cold blood and calculate how many copies he must sell to cover the cost of his advertisement, he would probably not indulge in the luxury of expenditure on space in papers read by the unliterary multitude, but would concentrate on mediums which reach only likely customers. Advertising, however, is only one means of developing sales, and a large proportion of publishers now rely mainly on the efficiency of their travellers for their success in reaching, not the public, but the booksellers.

Here, as at several other points, we in this country have much to learn from Germany, though it is not to be supposed that German methods could be adopted here slavishly, without regard to the numerous differences which exist in conditions and in the habits of the reading public. Mr. Unwin's is the first complete and lucid account of the German clearing-house system that, so far as I am aware, has been published in English. The pioneer student of the system from this country was the late Mr. William Heinemann. There is no space here for even a summary of Mr. Unwin's account of the activities of the Börsenverein. Suffice it to say that all members of the Börsenverein are represented at Leipzig by a commissioner, and that all deliveries are made "free Leipzig." A bookseller who requires, say, certain books published in Munich and Frankfurt applies, not to those towns but to Leipzig, all his orders going to one address, that of his commissioner. Immediately on receipt, orders are sorted out at the clearing house. A distinction is naturally made between cash orders and orders on sale and return. In the result, the bookseller is spared the trouble of sending orders to numerous publishers, and publishers are spared the trouble of making out receipts to numerous booksellers. The system effects economy in very many respects; it causes no delay; and it enables publishing to be carried on all over the country instead of virtually only in the capital. Not the least of its merits is that instead of having to send travellers all over the country, and to choose desperately between totally neglecting a group of provincial booksellers or incurring disproportional expense on canvassing them, a publisher can put a new book effectively on the market in a few hours, and at trifling expense, by using the central organization at Leipzig. The one serious objection raised in this country to proposals to establish something resembling the German system is that it would eliminate the wholesaler. It would do nothing of the sort. The leading wholesale German house, as Mr. Unwin records, acts as commissioner at Leipzig for over 700 firms. It is, however, almost certain that the sale or return system would not work in this country. The cost of carriage on returned books would alone be a very serious, probably fatal, objection to any such experiment.

I cannot follow Mr. Unwin further, and I must pass over all he has to say, most of it singularly reasonable, about relation between author and publisher. For I must find room for an appeal to readers to help by educating their booksellers and for an appeal to publishers to modify the methods by which some of them arrange for the sending out of review copies. That this country has some most admirable booksellers every literary person will gladly testify, but there are far too many who need urging into intelligent activity, and yet are ready enough to respond to a customer who shows patience as well as persistency in demanding certain classes of books, and who will courteously supply information. Again, it might be impressed on certain publishers that in the end they will pay dearly for the short-sighted policy of concentrating on ephemeral memoirs, instead of on books with a reasonable chance of being still in demand a decade hence. And so on and so forth. But the greatest need of all is for co-operative effort by everyone concerned with books, with a view to increasing the public that buys books. As matters are, sales even of "successful" books are ludicrously small in proportion to the size of the reading public. Books that cannot pay their way will not usually be published; under present conditions few books of serious interest attain to a sale of 2,000 copies within a year of publication; and with present costs, a book cannot pay its way unless 2,000 copies are sold. A vigorous co-operative effort to expand the book-buying public is necessary unless the best contemporary literature is to be denied its opportunity.

STIERISM

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

IT is more than likely that Herr Georg Stier is dead, for it is many a year since he wrote his 'Little English Talks: *Ein Hilfsmittel zur Erlernung der englischen Umgangssprache*,' the speckled little book I picked up, the other day, in the sixpenny box. Just as Carlyle's Professor Teufelsdröckh pretended that his great work was nothing more than a study of Clothes, their Origin and Influence, so too Herr Stier pretended to aim at nothing more pretentious than a little work for the benefit of German students of the English Language. I suspect that he was another Teufelsdröckh. Was he writing only "*für die höheren Knaben und Mädchen-schulen*," as he declares on his title-page? Not a bit of it. Writing back there in the comfortable 1900, he had a vision of what was even then stirring in the womb of Time. He knew, this philosophical dreamer, that one day, when the boys and girls had left their high schools and had grown up to a saddened manhood and womanhood, his little book would be discovered and recognized for what it was, not so many English talks but the first happy sketch of a new attitude towards life and an antidote to many philosophical poisons. I only hope that he is alive yet and that he may be given a few more years, to see Stierism conquer and save the world. This is not the place to give a fully reasoned exposition of the new attitude. No doubt a host of large volumes will soon make their appearance. Meanwhile, having been so fortunate in my visit to the sixpenny box, I see that it is my duty to become, for one week, what literary historians, in their curiously silly fashion, call "one of the heralds of the new movement." I will make one little cry in the wilderness and then depart, leaving the rest of the work to my betters.

It is only just that Central Europe, which has exported so much pessimism of late, so many mournful philosophies and drearily fantastic arts, should have provided this antidote to its poison. That is how I see Stierism—as an antidote. It is a happy realism, illuminated by an almost naïve but altogether delightful wonder. It begins at the very beginning of things, bidding us accept the world, take hold of life, with a zest not unmixed with serenity. Not that it takes refuge in a foolish optimism, closing its eyes to the evils of existence. It faces the facts, even the worst of them, as we may observe in these typical passages: "The THROAT: Many people suffer with their throats, especially schoolmasters, teachers, singers, etc. These persons often HAVE A SORE THROAT, FEEL AN IRRITATION IN THEIR THROAT, they are HOARSE, THEIR TONSILS ARE SWOLLEN, so that THEY HAVE A DIFFICULTY IN SWALLOWING." Again: "The BREAST: When it is cold, when changes in the weather come too suddenly, we CATCH A COLD, WE HAVE A COUGH, a NASTY COUGH, WE HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF PHLEGM ON OUR CHEST and we have TO COUGH a great deal. Sometimes we also get

INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS." Or, better still, in this passage: "The STOMACH: Happy the man who has a good stomach, which DIGESTS everything. Have you A GOOD DIGESTION or have you A WEAK STOMACH? In order to escape the diseases of the stomach, we must eat proper food, we must indulge in no excesses, we must eat nothing between meals. Then we shall not be obliged to say: MY STOMACH IS OUT OF ORDER, I HAVE STOMACH-ACHE, I HAVE A GASTRIC CATARRH, I HAVE A SPASM IN THE STOMACH (I HAVE INDIGESTION); THIS (or THAT) LIES HEAVY ON MY STOMACH." There is a good deal in this. To the authors of the last Expressionist drama or ultra-subjective and pessimistic novel, we might put some such pertinent queries: Have they a stomach which digests everything? Does this (or that) lie heavy on their stomach? The answer, if truthfully given, might explain some things that have seemed inexplicable.

Here and there, perhaps, Herr Stier takes too rosy a view of English things, but these are only slight slips and do not indicate any serious weakness in his attitude. Thus, his remark, in the section devoted to meals, that "Each roast has its proper GRAVY," shows a departure from strict realism. Possibly the subject brings out the old Teutonic strain of idealism in him. So, too, his statement, "Our HOUSEMAID (our SERVANT) attends to our lamps every day" should be accepted with caution. His picture of the tenant's life is also somewhat idealized: "But now we are contented, for our flat is ROOMY and COMFORTABLE; our LANDLORD and LANDLADY, the OWNERS (the PROPRIETORS) of the house, are very nice, and our RENT is not too HIGH." And what are we to make of his account of boarding-houses? He says: "As in Germany, there are BOARDING-HOUSES, and they are the best thing for single persons who wish to learn English quickly, for here they always have plenty of opportunities to speak English." This is hardly true, unless, as I suspect, the passage has a sinister meaning. Certainly there is satire in his paragraph on ties: "Most gentlemen wear ties WITH READY-MADE BOWS. A tie WITHOUT A BOW is not for everyone, for to make a bow, a good bow, is not so easy (requires a certain amount of skill). Many people wear PINS in their ties." There is a fine irony in his account of A FAMILIAR VISIT, A FAMILIAR CALL, in which, after describing how he knocks, opens the door after being told to enter, apologizes for his intrusion, he shows us what passes then: "'YOU ARE WELCOME! WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOWADAYS? IT IS AGES SINCE I SAW YOU LAST! BUT SIT DOWN, PLEASE! HOW IS IT THAT I NEVER GET A GLIMPSE OF YOU?' 'I HAVE BEEN VERY BUSY AND AM SO STILL!' 'INDEED?' 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING?' So the conversation is begun and kept going." That is an admirable thrust. So is his parting. "UPON LEAVING AND SHAKING HANDS, I say: 'GOOD-BYE!' Answers: 'COME AND SEE ME AGAIN SOON! GIVE MY COMPLIMENTS TO YOUR FATHER. MY KIND REGARDS TO YOUR MOTHER.

REMEMBER ME TO YOUR BROTHER' (to your sister, etc.). I reply: 'THANK YOU!' And we too reply: 'Thank you!'

But we have yet to come to Stierism proper, which is, I repeat, a happy realism, the facts lit with wonder. How it touches with wonder the commonest things, so that we discover a new joy even in dressing ourselves! Turn anywhere in the section, one of the humblest, called "Gentlemen's Toilet," and its simple happy phrases create the world anew. "GLOVES. Gentlemen wear GENTLEMEN'S GLOVES; ladies wear LADIES' GLOVES." Consider the matter of shoes: "I have a good shoemaker. My boots always fit without PINCHING (PAINING) me. He makes use of good leather; the UPPERS DON'T GET CRACKS, the SOLES (SINGLE or DOUBLE SOLES) don't easily TEAR, so that I don't WEAR OUT many boots." Herr Stier had his eye on us when he wrote this passage. He foresaw the time when any number of prominent persons would be always crying out because their boots pinched them. How few of our typical intellectuals could say that their uppers are uncracked and their soles untorn! This passage is pure Teufelsdröckh. And then, for a return to a gay simplicity, an open-hearted acceptance of the world, consider the tiny paragraph on trousers, two short sentences that every pessimist should learn by heart and repeat as he dresses himself these grey mornings: "THE TROUSERS. In summer, gentlemen wear SUMMER-TROUSERS; in winter, WINTER-TROUSERS. They are sometimes WIDE, sometimes NARROW, and are kept up by (ELASTIC) BRACES." When such pessimists have mastered this, if they are given to writing criticism, they should turn to the walking-stick paragraph and meditate upon that for a season: "A walking-stick is carried by many people; it affords them some support in walking. The CANE (the SWITCH) serves only to give one countenance; the CUDGEL is not elegant and is out of the question." Who does not know these Switch and Cudgel critics?

There is nothing ascetic in Stierism. It believes in healthy and innocent recreation. In the chapter on "The Town (London)", two quarters are specially noticed: "The two most distinguished are the CITY and the WEST END; the first is the BUSINESS quarter, the second the ARISTOCRATIC or HIGH LIFE quarter." That "High Life" is equal to a novel by Mr. Arlen. Our attention is drawn to "The PUBLIC BARS, where you can have different sorts of beer." A little further on in the chapter there is a significant snatch of dialogue: "Have you ever been present at a RACE-MEETING? If not, go to one as soon as possible." Stierism recognizes, too, that you may want to leave the town and high life. "A man who is a GOOD WALKER, who does not easily TIRE, makes a walking tour from time to time. With a KNAPSACK on his back and a THICK STICK in his hand, he SETS OFF early in the morning." Or he may ascend (climb) the mountain, spending the night, we are told, at a herdsman's cottage, and then climbing to the top next day. Then, "After having rested, taken some refreshment and ENJOYED the beautiful PANORAMA which offers itself

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to his eyes, he goes down again, PLUCKING (GATHERING) RHODODENDRONS and a BUNCH (or BOUQUET) OF EDELWEISS, strengthened in both body and mind." We should like to see Mr. Arlen returning to his high life from the mountain, a bunch of rhododendrons in his hand. But perhaps best of all, for it comes home shrewdly to our bosoms, is a passage that is ostensibly on the subject of wintry weather, but is really a symbolical description, spiced with irony, of this, our later day: "At last IT THAWS, the snow and the ice MELT (AWAY). IT IS MUDDY. WHAT MUD! WHAT A QUAGMIRE! everybody cries. But they console each other about it, for they know that this bad weather will soon pass, that spring is approaching and with it, by and by, the fine days." I only wish they did.

RAGGING AT THE UNIVERSITIES

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

THEY have been talking again in the Press, apropos of some manifestation of high spirits at Cambridge, of ragging at the Universities. They find in this a proof of the degeneracy either of modern youth, or of the Universities. For my part I remember vividly an evening on the Cher; I dare not admit to myself how many years ago. There were three punts, and it was the last night of the summer-term. All of us (as was natural among those with whom I associated) were persons of an almost fanatical sobriety, and if we had taken with us a certain number of large stone jars, encased in wicker, how were we to know that they did not contain stone-geringer, but a composition consisting, as to half, of cheap and fiery champagne, and as to the other half of all the miscellaneous liqueurs left over in the J.C.R.? We propelled the punts in agreeable silence, and I remember as the early moon came up one of us sang across the willows the first verse of 'Still wie die nacht,' and was promptly answered from the moon or elsewhere with the second rendered (probably) by Caruso.

We lashed the punts to a tree somewhere in the upper reaches and suspended from the branches the Chinese lanterns with which we had equipped ourselves. The queer coloured lights fell on the leaves, on the boat, on upturned faces, till we became almost a composition in a stained-glass window. I import that image to reflect the almost solemn gravity of the moment. And then we began to empty the stone-jars. For myself I had a headache, and therefore drank little, but the rest, assuming that it was unusually heady ginger-beer, drank it in tumblers. Thereupon ensued a scene not of violence but of surprising animation. Doubt began to arise in the minds of many as to whether water was not a firmer element than land, and at least two or three stepped off to prove their view. I, indeed, remember, as I leaned over the side in tranquil contemplation, seeing a face come up through the water. At its first appearance, preoccupied as I was with some logical problem of the Undistributed Middle, I paid no attention to it. But on its second appearance I observed a smile

upon it. This naturally roused my interest and I inquired of its owner, as he was on the point of disappearing, why he was laughing. "I've just remembered," he said, as he sank, "that I can't swim."

There is no reason to believe that he was in fact drowned, though owing to two punts having been upset and the college silver being lost, there was some difficulty in calling a roll, particularly as the three dogs were always being counted in with unexpected results. All this was rather bad fortune than design. But the "rag," if it can be so described, started when, most of the hats being lost, fears of catching cold were generally expressed. It was recognized, after argument, that it would be difficult to arouse any hatter, and it seemed reasonable therefore to apply to the police. Two helmets were not, I admit, a sufficient allowance to counteract the effect of the total immersion of some twelve tallish young men. But they were all we could get, and even then the Proctors insisted on the return of one.

All that, you may say, is faintly disgusting, or at any rate tedious. But you are entirely wrong. It is possible that my way of recording it deserves both these adjectives, but the events themselves (apart from the lamentable loss of one helmet) were in the highest degree heartening. Because if youth is not to hear the chimes of Old Tom at midnight, what on earth are youth and Old Tom for? There are, of course, stupid and malicious rags, organized by the same type as outside the Universities enjoy the persecution of sensitive persons and ideals. But these are rare, and no more typical of Oxford and Cambridge than is 'Charley's Aunt.' And I cannot help suspecting that, when the Press abandons itself to lamentations and censure, some faint memory may persist of an occasion when the Third Estate ran and was unplaced. There was, it may be recalled, some public notice attracted to trouble in the Guards, and some organ of the Press assuming that, if soldiers could so far forget themselves, civilians might go one better, inquired of the Universities whether any similar disasters had been experienced. Hysterical young men, shockingly oppressed by brutal fox-hunters, implored this sentinel of public safety to descend and witness for itself how shocking were the conditions that prevailed. On the evening into the room where the Press representative was being entertained by his shrinking and misunderstood host burst a horde of abominable ruffians in pursuit of a student (no other description fitted him) in cap and gown. These bravoes had apparently met him walking quietly down the Broad, and in their intoxicated arrogance had revolted at the sight of anyone, however insignificant, attired in the costume proper to those in *statu pupillari* after 7. In vain did the young man draw their attention to the Prayer Book and (I think) Mrs. Beeton's 'Home Cookery' which he was carrying in a neat strap under his arm. They were not to be placated, but, on the contrary, were aggravated by these indications of studious, if unusual, interests. They pursued the unhappy Collegian (as he was probably known among his intimates) with all the circumstance of violence into the nearest college, where, though the gates were closed, the intimidated porter admitted the

whole mob. In vain the helpless and respectable undergraduate sought refuge in the room of the sympathizer, who was, as it happened, at the moment engaged with the journalist. The remorseless hooligans proceeded not merely to disrobe their victim, but actually to wreck the room of his friend, and even (it is believed) to threaten the guest. The subsequent headlines were what so outrageous an exhibition justified, but it unfortunately transpired through other and rival newspapers that pursued and pursuers had been dining together and . . .

Obviously every good citizen could only deplore such an assault on the jealously-guarded dignity of the Press, which, as is known, refuses to lend an ear to any form of "stunt," and devotes itself only to the larger and more pressing questions of the day. But, even while one blames, one cannot help being faintly conscious of a most improper feeling of satisfaction. And, yielding to that temptation (and as Anthony Hope once said, if you do not yield to temptation, the thing becomes ridiculous), I repeat that spontaneous high spirits are the prerogative of youth, and, jealous of them as I am, I will not pretend that in my middle age I do not, when I hear of their manifestation, murmur "O mihi præteritos."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

LORD BEAVERBROOK AGAIN

SIR,—The deep satisfaction with which I have read your article on 'Lord Beaverbrook Again' is probably shared by most schoolmasters who have the sense to take in the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Many of us, being professed critics of style, would perhaps not be prepared to admit our *a priori* incapacity to "star" in the Press, "feeling so disposed," but we are otherwise engaged. Our work is exacting, and we resemble the American pill which, as was advertised, "sticks strictly to business and does not go fooling about."

But we are actuated by another motive which confirms the main thesis of your articles. We are realists, for the human boy is poor material for theories. Yet we find the educational, no less than the general, Press given over to "stunts." If we are ready with evidence in favour of the Direct Method, the Montessori System or the Dalton Plan we find a ready hearing. If we are old-fashioned enough to believe that a child cannot learn a language without learning its grammar, that human nature is the better for discipline and that an ignoramus is not the best judge of what it is advisable to learn, what we write is politely declined by those journals which are conducting a trustful public to the educational millennium.

Being realists, engaged in real work, we have no ambition, even if we possessed the ability, to enter the lists of a "stunt" Press. It is for this reason that we value a journal which has not sold its soul to "stunts."

I am, etc.,
E. C. OWEN

King William's College, I.O.M.

SIR,—I am tempted by your article in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW to take up my pen and lament with you the decadence of the Press, and the increasing invasion of this sphere by millionaire proprietors. It is obvious to the casual reader of some of our penny "dailies" that news is tempered to the proprietor's views and interests, that there is frequently special pleading, and that the object of proprietors is to "star" some famous personage rather than to present facts by an expert on the particular subject dealt with. The result is that all confidence in the news as presented by these papers gradually disappears, and one is left with a feeling that to arrive at the truth it is useless to consult their columns. Sensationalism is, I quite realize, within limits a legitimate means of enlarging the sale of a paper; but only within limits; and when integrity and fact are made of secondary account, it is time that the exasperated reading public raised its voice in protest. The SATURDAY REVIEW is doing a good work in exposing the evils of bad journalism and the "stunt" Press.

I am, etc.,
GEORGE BENNETT

Richmond

LURE OF FOREIGN LANGUAGE

SIR,—Running through the London Press at the present time there seems to be an undisguised intention on the part of many a writer to show the world how far he has "gone in French and extras," as Mrs. Nickleby once put it. To those to whom a correct knowledge of one or more languages is nothing to be especially proud of since it is mere psittacism, the results of these often unnecessary divagations into foreign tongues are of the most irritating description, showing as they do in frequent cases the gross pretensions of ignorant writers. Let me give a couple of examples from a London daily, which is so notorious an offender in this respect as to be carefully watched for its daily solecisms, in a certain West End club.

Not long ago it made the startling statement that there were only *two* persons in the British Empire—population 500 millions—capable of quoting French with absolute grammatical correctness, namely, Sir Edmund Gosse and Professor Saintsbury! By way of emphasizing the right to make so stupid and so unsophisticated a statement, the writer declared a few days later that once in France he had heard a member of the House of Rohan use French of this extraordinary kind: "Je suis l'un des premiers critiques de la littérature contemporaine." A Rohan, mark, speaking that kind of French. Oh, Sir, oh!

A couple of days later it broke out again—this time in Latin. It was (oh, irony!) a paragraph dealing with an educational topic, and the learned captionist, safe in his knowledge of that "quis custodiet?" tag of Juvenal, wrote "quis interroget ipsos interrogatores?" A large staff of sub-editors might have been expected to produce at least one who knew the Future Indicative of a Latin verb of the first conjugation.

No educated person seriously expects correct grammar in quotations from evening papers which are produced hurriedly; if they do not lapse in English, let them not be altogether anathema. When, however, a writer in a respectable weekly paper is allowed to write about El Duce—a Spanish definite article, with an Italian noun!—it is permissible vigorously to protest, for even a very popular daily has long since learned the propriety of getting the horrific "French" of occasional advertisers (in its agony columns) corrected by experts. Thus, a love-sick swain used, at one time, to write to his girl in this brand of French, pathetically thinking the while that he was disguising his gay intentions: "Voulez vous rencontrez moi a Victoria Station a huit heure

Vendredi la soir sous le horloge. Respondez vite."
Oh these "self-educators"! Oh their compilers!
And oh their disciples!

London, S.W.

I am, etc.,

JAMES R. GRANT

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

SIR,—Your article on the Municipal Elections I hope will be carefully considered, even by the great ones responsible for organization, ineffective or otherwise, regarding conduct of elections.

Too frequently the voter is blamed, but the fault lies with the apathetic organization, especially in the poorer areas, as Labour would not win so many seats unless by constant propaganda and good staff work during the conflict and prior. I believe what is needed is, not so much Billingsgate talk about individuals, but performance of our pledges and a sane presentation of our policy by men of conviction, and not mere propagandists; above all, let the party machinery be used for municipal affairs, as ratepayers' associations are not educative or enthusiastic bodies. The franchise has been greatly increased, but civic responsibility has not been preached sufficiently. A movement wherever possible, to consolidate the constitutional vote, is essential, not on the eve of a fight, but before.

There are many who think that Unionism still is connected with privilege and wealth—and our selection of candidates might well be a question for revision. Our propaganda methods, too, are antiquated. Our various party agencies of instructive character lack cohesion. Certainly, recognition of services is not altogether distributed on an equitable scale and wholly for merit.

To touch finance, probably, is to invite criticism; but I wonder why the Conservative Party does not publish reports and statements as to expenditure, which our opponents do. What is the harm of being known as a generous supporter to Party funds openly? After all, the listeners-in as to what exactly is being done or said are generally the rank and file—the great unpaid volunteer—and they ought to have a voice in the machine at central headquarters. It would be interesting to learn how many representatives from the East End are on the National Unionist Association—how they were selected—also, whether speakers at conferences always consult their executives beforehand.

All these points are submitted to arouse attention that all is not well, and that, perhaps, a National Democratic Conservative Party will one day come into being—to support the Prime Minister—and to bring the forces of goodwill together into one great party.

I am, etc.,

"GALLOVIDIAN"

'THE LAST PHASE'

SIR,—The first letter in your correspondence columns of last week is signed simply "A. L." and consists of a personal attack on the Prime Minister. It is very stupid, as attacks upon the Prime Minister invariably are, but I am not arguing about that. My contention is that the writer ought to have given his name. A decent paper should not publish letters of this sort over initials or pseudonyms. The writers stamp themselves cowards, and deserve to be wholly disregarded.

I am, etc.,

12 Woburn Square, W.C.1

A. D. JOHNSON

[We never publish letters without knowing the names and addresses of the writers.—ED. S.R.]

LONDON TRAFFIC PROBLEM

SIR,—I notice the Athenæum Club is protesting—as well it may—against the block of traffic in Pall Mall.

The Pall Mall, as it now is, forms an insuperable barrier between north and south traffic. There is no way of crossing it between St. James's Palace and Cockspur Street. Has not the time come to demolish the egregious Duke of York's column and level the steps below it, thus providing a new way north and south?

I am, etc.,

A FREQUENT SUFFERER

COLD

SIR,—Mr. J. B. Priestley has performed a very real public act of service. He has made it plain why we doctors object to other doctors writing in the Public Press on Health Subjects. All sorts of people have thrown mud at us because of our objection. They have ventured so far as to speak evil things of the General Medical Council. Till this week nobody has answered them effectively.

And now comes along Mr. Priestley. In a sentence or two he settles the whole controversy. Those health writers are put clean out of court. "What have those fellows to do with literature?" he asks with scorn. And "what, indeed?" we answer joyously. In some subtle way Mr. Priestley has lighted upon a profound truth, which is, that the average inarticulate doctor is a shy artist who shrinks from publicity, and all publicity means in these days. And when you come to think of it how could he be otherwise? He is a humble follower of Hippocrates: to him the Hippocratic Oath is no mere empty formula.

And Mr. Priestley does much more than that. He implies, if he does not actually say so, that rude health—the kind of dull physical fitness the doctors who write for the Cheap Press are out after—is something of a handicap to the man who wants to get things done. He is right. As a practising doctor I tell people to do all sorts of things I would never dream of doing myself. Why? Because, if I did, my work would suffer. I find (with Mr. Priestley) that all my really constructive ideas are born in a stuffy atmosphere. And I am never more brilliant than when half-dazed with influenza poison. . . I am full up with it at this moment. . . ! If I don't stop I shall burst into song. . .

I am, etc.,

FRANK G. LAYTON

Walsall

ARMISTICE DAY, 1926

SIR,—Thursday's solemn ceremonies united all British hearts in grateful homage to the memory of the million men of this Empire who assured our freedom at the cost of their lives. For two minutes the obligation and thankfulness due to them was given first place in our thoughts: but our homage would be empty were it to omit the memory of other obligations no less sacred—the debt due to those thousands of ex-Service men who returned (many of them maimed and shattered in health) to find that the privations of the peace are as bitter as, and more prolonged than, those of war.

The disabled, the unemployed, the widows and the orphans: all have a claim upon the nation's practical gratitude: and it stands to the nation's credit that the debt we owe to those who fought and suffered in the war is still so widely and conscientiously remembered. But as we turn back the leaves of memory, and recall the pledges made in 1914, and renewed in 1918, we cannot fail to recognize that we are far off the achievement of that to which we pledged ourselves.

As Thursday's act of silent reverence was national in its scope, so is the appeal which I now make a national one, and I earnestly ask the whole nation to respond generously in an effort to mitigate the privations of those who are in such urgent need. The greatest of

war memorials, more worthy than anything which can be expressed in stone or bronze, would be the fact that no man who had served, and no dependent of those who have fallen, are materially worse off to-day than they were; and this it lies in the power of the nation to effect if they will bear steadfastly in mind the obligations which lie before them.

Donations to supplement the Poppy Day collections are urgently needed, and I ask those who send such contributions to make an effort which will do honour to those for whom I appeal. Cheques made payable to "Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund," and crossed "Barclay and Co.," should be sent to the Organizing Secretary (Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E.), 26 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

I am, etc.,
 Poppy Day (1926) Headquarters, HAIG, F.M.
 57 Cadogan Square, S.W.1

CROSBY HALL

SIR,—May I once more bring the progress of the Crosby Hall Endowment scheme to the notice of your readers? The proposal to use the famous Tudor building as the centre for a hall of residence and club-house for women graduates of all nations is approaching realization. It will be remembered that only the central hall of the original building was still left standing when, seventeen years ago, Crosby Hall was saved from destruction by its removal from Bishops-gate to the Chelsea Embankment. There, in its position on the site of Sir Thomas Moore's country home, the oak-roofed Hall remains entirely untouched, while a new wing is being built at the north end to provide rooms for forty-three resident research students, and club-rooms for members of the British, and of twenty-six other national federations of University women who will use Crosby Hall as their club house.

The appeal, chartered by the British Federation of University Women, four years ago, has met with wonderful support, and £33,000 of the £50,000 required has been raised by the efforts of University women in this country, the Dominions, and all parts of the world; but £17,000 is still needed. A special effort is being made to get promises for the completion of this sum to announce to the Duchess of York when she visits Crosby Hall to unveil a commemorative tablet over the entrance to the new wing, on November 17. It is very much hoped that generous support will be forthcoming for this special appeal for the furnishing and restoration to use of this historic Hall.

I am, etc.,
 WINIFRED C. CULLIS
 President British Federation of University Women.
 Vice-President International Federation of University Women. Director Crosby Hall Association.
 92 Victoria Street, S.W.1

P's AND Q's

SIR,—In one of the Essays of Charles Lamb there is a reference to the writings of Bernard Barton, who was apparently a Quaker. Are those writings still procurable?

T. R. BRADLEY

SIR,—The late Archbishop Magee is reported to have said that he would rather see England free than sober. I should be glad to know when, and on what occasion, this remarkable observation was made.

G. T. ELLIS

SIR,—I should be glad if you could inform me at about what date cigarettes were introduced into England.

W. MARSHALL

"THE GRAND OLD MAN"

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Thomas Pardin's query, the following paragraph, contributed by Mr. C. E. Clark to *Notes and Queries* of November 27, 1897, may throw some light upon the subject:

The popularity of this title received its impetus from a speech delivered by Mr. Bradlaugh at Northampton, where he repeatedly referred to Mr. Gladstone as the Grand Old Man. This information I received from Mr. Bradlaugh himself. Mr. Bradlaugh's fancy for this most worthy sobriquet originated through his strongest supporter, Mr. Labouchere, telling some friends in the tea-room of the House that the Grand Old Man, with tears in his eyes, took him by the hand, and said, "Mr. Labouchere, bring me Mr. Bradlaugh back again."

H. INMAN

SIR,—Nearly fifty years ago Lord Rosebery, in one of his speeches, referred to Mr. Gladstone as "That Grand Old Man." This is the origin of the sobriquet.

THOMAS MASON

SIR,—I have read in a book of reminiscences (I forget the title) that the first occasion on which the term "Grand Old Man" was applied to Gladstone was by Mr. Labouchere at an election meeting at Northampton on behalf of his fellow-member Bradlaugh, the Atheist. The latter was seeking re-election during the troubles about his taking the oath in the Commons. (I believe that he was re-elected several times during this period.) Mr. Labouchere, who, by the way, once described himself as "The Christian Member for Northampton," spoke to the following effect: "Before I left London I saw Mr. Gladstone, and that Grand Old Man patted me on the shoulder, and said, 'Labby, my boy, bring him back, bring him back!'"

It is difficult to imagine anything more improbable than such a performance by Gladstone, the most dignified of men.

C. H. TREMLETT

"SO MUCH TO DO"

SIR,—The words, "So much to do, so little done," are to be found in Tennyson's "In Memoriam" (lxxiii, 1). The complete stanza runs as follows:

So many worlds, so much to do,
 So little done, such things to be,
 How know I what had need of thee,
 For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

T. MICHAEL POPE

OLD SOLDIERS

BY GERALD BARRY

IN the sudden Silence I hear them singing again.
 Four deep, four deep, their faces come once more,
 Marching together the dusty ways of the slain,
 Singing the same old songs they sang before.

Silly songs about "Madam from Armentiers,"
 "Pack up your Troubles," and the one that began
 "O my!"

They sang without heeding the sense—but they surely
 were seers
 When they shouted in chorus that old soldiers never
 shall die.

Never shall die! They are gone, but I cannot forget
 The laughter, and letters from home, and the games
 that we knew,
 And the way that they went, with a smile, at the end
 of the set.

Undying companions! I'm keeping your place in the
 queue.

THE THEATRE ROUND THE TOWN

BY IVOR BROWN

Yellow Sands. By Eden and Adelaide Phillpotts. The Haymarket Theatre.

Cradle Song. By G. Martinez Sierra. The Fortune Theatre.

Half-a-Loaf. By Noel Scott. The Comedy Theatre.

The Gift Horse. By J. B. Sterndale Bennett. The Everyman Theatre.

SIR BARRY JACKSON, who meets us at the Kingsway in a thinking-cap, has come to the Haymarket in his Court dress, which, being interpreted, is Devon homespun as worn for some 1,250 nights. Comical-nautical replaces comical-pastoral. Eden, like Timon, hath made his mansion upon the beached verge of the salt flood, but for somewhat different reasons. It is true that young Varwell, who studies the class-war among the crab-pots and intends to be a fisher of men for Communism's sake, can cry with Timon:

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft.

but the joke goes against the lugubrious longshoreman. He becomes a convert to capitalism under stress of inheritance, and the rough-edged tongue of his uncle, who speaks for Property without owning it. Really this uncle (was he an uncle? I have lost my programme) is the life and soul of a hilarious party. If I add that Mr. Cedric Hardwicke plays the part, much joy has been suggested.

I have met in Yorkshire a pleasant parallel to the sapient scamp whom Mr. Hardwicke presents as the chief pebble on the Devonian beach. My Yorkshire friend sold beer as well as sententiously consuming it, and the sage of 'Yellow Sands' would never have troubled his muscles so much as to shift a barrel from cart to cellar. He is Mind's deputy in Devon, a stalwart of the class that thinks while it drinks. Conceive Bardolph playing at Hamlet, holding up to the world, not only the lantern that is his nose, but the guiding radiance of a reflective mind. Mr. Hardwicke, as he showed in 'The Farmer's Wife,' can get right into the shell of these Devonian crustaceans; his stiffly shambling steps, the rigid jerk of the neck as he throws philosophy across the pint-pot or the grocer's port, and the cast of his rheumy eye give us the very form and fashion of he-ancientry.

The play at the Haymarket has much in common with the sitting tenant of the Court. Mr. Phillpotts worked the party-spirit at the latter and now, with his daughter's assistance, he works it again. There is a party for the old lady's eightieth birthday, and a party when her will is read. It is a medley of port, sherry, seed-cake, old salts, menacing matrons, dithering spinsters, and young love. At the bottle's mouth remains Mr. Hardwicke, clamped to the glass like barnacle to boat. Like his dramatist, he can put a new edge on the oldest fun. It is no good setting out to be superior about the sweet-meat comedies which Mr. Phillpotts so industriously creates. The rustic fudge is toothsome stuff. After all, Mr. Phillpotts once gave us, in story after story of high quality, the granitic Devon of the tors and desolate steadings. If we refuse to believe that sands are ever quite so golden, we must admit that the violet rays of artificial comedy make them intensely habitable. Their warmth is of the theatre rather than of life, but it is genuine consolation on November nights, and it comes to us though a conduit of first-rate acting and production.

Sunshine again; this time of the Spanish weather-chart. But the sunshine is filtered through the grille

of a conventual gaol. Senor Sierra calls 'Cradle Song' a comedy; but it is no laughing-matter unless you are cynic to the marrow. 'Twenty love-sick maidens we'—well, barely twenty, but love-sick indeed, and fretting under Dominican vows. A prostitute puts her unwanted child at the convent gate and repressed maternity gladly makes a foundlings' hospital of the virgins' home. First scene shows life made rapturous for pent-up womanhood by the babe's arrival; second scene, eighteen years later, sees the grown girl depart for marriage, and the light desert the convent's cloistral shade. A comedy? Yes, if you are bitter against church and convent and their denial of life: but a tragedy, beautifully and gently written, if you see it only in terms of renunciation and of human frustration self-imposed for duty's sake. Mr. A. E. Filmer has produced this piece for tragic, not ironic, values and it is decorated by the acting of Miss Gillian Scaife and Miss Barbara Everest. They avoid the self-conscious "artiness" which I thought spoiled the performance of Miss Natalie Moya. Surely Senor Sierra's work includes a better curtain-raiser than 'The Lover,' which eyen Mr. Michael Sherbrooke's performance could not much enliven.

'Half-a-Loaf' is the kind of play which will do nobody any harm, a neat enough trifle about pursuant woman and reluctant man. The French original may have been more pungent, but Dr. Noel Scott's adaptation has enough wit to save a silly story. As human beings neither the meek artist nor the questing lady can be given serious consideration. Mr. Dennis Eadie, however, goes graciously through the former part and Mr. James Lindsay is immensely potent as a millionaire with a chin, a temper, and a grievance. There is a certain ease of motion and aptness of dialogue which keeps the piece alive, but you may safely garage your intelligence along with your car before a visit to this little essay in entertainment.

Mr. Sterndale Bennett, in 'The Gift Horse,' has resorted to familiar stables. There are no new plots and the dramatist has to justify himself by the twist he can give to an old one. We meet two very old friends, the man who comes back from the dead and the brazen hussy with the heart of gold. Mr. Bennett handles auld acquaintance skilfully and the Periplo family, as he draws them, are a plausible collection of incompatibles. Periplo Senior, who survives the railway accident and comes to see the flowery side of his own funeral, is an old 'un and a bold 'un for whom Mr. Bromley Davenport, with his wry, jerky style of senile portraiture, has the apt formula. Miss Athene Seyler comes flaunting in with her accustomed command of the bravura style as Janet Periplo, the prodigal daughter who has supped with the devil and picked his pocket. It is these pickings which save a godly household to old Periplo's glee and the family's embarrassment. Janet, having come to shock, remains to soothe and the change of mood is admirably done.

The dramatist is able to give the new twist to the old story by leading us into the morals of immorality. Janet, when we come to know her, is really the Cyprian in Academe. She has ethical views about the primrose path and confesses that she is really a bad woman because she was not worse. A good harlot would have given more and taken less; what then is she who has thought little of men but much of money? And she has not thought only, but acquired and invested well. Press these reflections far enough and we reach unsavoury conclusions. But hint at them and we have a nice paradox in the midst of Periplo righteousness. To that household Mr. John Howell contributes a clear-cut study of the parson in a fix and the rest are true to small-town gentility. Of the Periplo morning-room Miss Freemantle, the designer of the scene, has a lively idea and, with Mr. Allan Wade's production, the Everyman reputation for *ensemble* is well maintained.

MUSIC

OPERA AT BRISTOL

TWO years ago an important event in the history of operatic effort in England took place, when a company, organized by Dr. Napier Miles, gave a season of opera in the Victoria Rooms at Clifton. That season was memorable for the first stage-performance of De Falla's 'Master Peter's Puppet-show' and for the success with which an enthusiastic band of musicians surmounted the difficulties presented by performances in a hall quite unsuited to the production of opera. This year Dr. Napier Miles undertook the more ambitious task of running a three weeks' season at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, with the help of the same staff. The Theatre Royal was opened in 1766 and remains, in its general plan, very much what it was in the eighteenth century, though, alas! its pristine glory of gilt *rococo* has been sadly dimmed. It is in size and shape almost a twin of the delightful Residenz Theatre in Munich, which is the perfect setting for Mozart's operas. So what more natural than that this season should include, as its chief attraction, one of Mozart's operas? And, since enterprise rightly seeks an untrodden path, what other work would be more fitting than his neglected masterpiece, 'Cosi fan tutte'?

'Cosi fan tutte' or, as they call it in English, 'The School for Lovers,' was written between 'Don Giovanni' and 'Die Zauberflöte.' It belongs, therefore, to the period of Mozart's highest genius, the period also of the three great symphonies. Its neglect needs some explanation by those who claim that it is a masterpiece worthy to rank with 'Figaro' and 'The Don.' The first cause of its comparative failure is to be found in the libretto, a highly farcical satire upon the romantic view of love. Such an attitude won little favour in Mozart's own day, when the Romantic Movement was sweeping over Europe, and in the nineteenth century its cynicism was regarded as something akin to profanity. Moreover, the libretto was chiefly known through a clumsy German translation, which omitted all the fine flavour of Da Ponte's wit. The libretto is, in fact, a most brilliant one and entirely suited to musical treatment, especially by a composer who could match in his music the verbal wit of the text. The opera may, therefore, be regarded as a worthy companion to Mozart's other offerings at the shrine of Venus. In 'Il Seraglio' he had celebrated sentimental passion, in 'Figaro' gallantry, in 'Don Giovanni' sensuality, and in 'Die Zauberflöte' he was to add the crown to the series by the glorification of a sublime love transcending humanity and directed towards the highest and most pure ideals. 'Cosi fan tutte' completes the series with a picture of frivolous flirtation, a very shocking thing to the high-minded nineteenth century, and one which, though it might exist and even be privately indulged, must on no account be acknowledged publicly.

A second reason for the disappearance of this opera from the repertory is a musical one. Throughout the length of its sparkling and delicious score there is hardly one air which would win tremendous popularity, no 'Batti, batti,' no 'Deh! vieni,' no 'Madamina' even, nor any 'Non piu andrai.' The single excerpt, which is occasionally heard at concerts, is the tenor *aria*, 'Una aura amorosa.' Even the overture is too slender to take its place in orchestral programmes, although it may sometimes be heard at the "Proms." There is in fact nothing to appeal to a public which cared for little except the airs and their singers and which would condone the improprieties of 'Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni' for their sake. Likewise there is nothing to encourage singers, more eager for their own glory than for that of the music,

to perform a work in which the recitatives and, above all, the *ensembles* (in which, of course, the glory must be shared) are more important than the airs. For it would not be impossible, though the plan is not advocated, to perform 'Cosi fan tutte' without the airs; without the recitatives, which are continually breaking into song, the whole flavour would be lost.

It is partly to the late Sir Charles Stanford that we owe this revival, for he produced the opera at the Savoy Theatre in 1890 with a cast drawn from students of the Royal College of Music. The English version used was made by the Reverend Marmaduke Browne, a country parson, who had spent his leisure in translating Da Ponte's libretto. He made an extremely good job of it, catching much of its original spirit and, where that was impossible, substituting something as lively. He did give it a twist, however, and that twist was naturally in the direction of the English comic opera of the day, the work of Gilbert. Fiordiligi and Dorabella are Victorianized and that genius of the English language for absurd rhymes, of which Gilbert was a master, is duly exploited. Miss Rachel Russell evidently felt that the English version was nineteenth rather than eighteenth century, for, in designing the dresses and scenery for the Bristol production, she has used the fashions of the eighteenth-thirties and given the ladies the most adorable posterior extensions. Her pink-and-gold drawing-room, too, is the perfect setting for their primness. It is in no carping spirit that I suggest that the whole performance, which I enjoyed as much as any opera I have seen, did rather falsify the original values. We were given the heavier atmosphere of an English country town—shall we say of Bath, not to put it any nearer home?—in the days when the spirit of Jane Austen's world was still abroad, in place of the lighter fantastic of Viennese *rococo* in an age which the Revolution had swept away.

Musically the performance was admirable, because we were given a combination of amateur enthusiasm with professional ability. The *ensemble* work, which is the beginning and end of the opera, was as near perfection as could be wished. For that one was ready to sacrifice some of the higher flights of *coloratura*, which Mozart wrote for a singer of exceptional compass and ability.

There is not room in which to do justice to the other full-length opera, which was produced during the season, Stanford's 'The Travelling Companion.' But some mention of this beautiful and impressive work is due. It is Stanford's last work for the stage and had never before been adequately presented. Founded on a story by Hans Andersen, it has been turned by the composer and by Sir Henry Newbolt, his librettist, into a mystical drama. The result is not altogether successful, for the pantomime element of fairy-land remains and conflicts with the more elevated ideas. At one moment we were tempted to make comparisons with 'Parsifal' or 'The Magic Flute' or 'The City of Kites,' or any other of the mystical productions of a composer's old age; at another the resemblance was with the farcical characteristics of English light opera. There is an incongruity in its elements, which Stanford's musical individuality is not strong enough to overcome. The music is characteristic throughout, and the declamation is, as usual, masterly in its handling of our language. These things, however, are not enough to make a great opera, and one felt the need of a stronger interest in the music and more experience of the theatre in the libretto. The effect of the performance was enormously deepened by the impressive acting and fine singing of Mr. Arthur Cranmer as the Travelling Companion. Mr. Cranmer was too lean and romantic-looking for the cynical philosopher of Mozart's comedy, but his style and appearance suited absolutely the other-worldliness of this visitant from the realms of Death. Dr. Napier Miles is appealing for support with a view to another season next year, and nothing could more fully justify

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his appeal for confidence than the excellent performances of these two difficult works. Bristol itself should see the advantage of supporting his efforts with more generosity, for these seasons of opera have brought credit to the city and many visitors from all parts. Information about the proposed season next year may be had of Mr. W. J. Masters, Kingsweston, Bristol.

H.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

THE list of Columbia records for the current month contains a recording of Mozart's Symphony in D, which he composed for Haffner in 1782 just after the completion of 'Die Entführung aus dem Serail.' The fact is worth mentioning on account of the similarity of the first subject of the *finale* to Osmin's second song in the opera. The emphatic opening of the first movement, on the other hand, looks forward to the Count's air in 'Figaro.' The work is excellently played by the Hallé Orchestra under Sir Hamilton Harty. A lighter touch here and there would, perhaps, improve the interpretation. The recording is good, though the slightly metallic *timbre* of the new method has not been remedied here as in some other records. The second complete work issued by the Company is Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor, which is played by Albert Sammons, Lionel Tertis and William Murdoch, the violoncello part having been adapted by Mr. Tertis for the viola. It might be pedantic to criticize this alteration of the work, which is given complete on four double-sided records. However, the point is not worth arguing, for the recording is poor. The strings have a rasping tone and the pianoforte comes out badly. The *Scherzo*, a typical piece of Mendelssohnian fairy-music, and the first part of the *finale* are the least unsuccessful parts. Some organ records are far more successful, notably Bach's familiar Fantasia in G minor (not C minor as alleged on the label), which is played by Mr. W. G. Webber, and the Toccata and Fugue in D minor played by Mr. G. T. Pattman. The latter is the better recording in the matter of balance, for the pedal organ comes out finely. It is a pity that they did not give us the jolly Fugue in G minor with the Fantasia. However, the Toccata in C is well enough.

Among the vocal records is one by Mr. Norman Allin, whose fine bass voice is heard to advantage in Julius Cæsar's air, 'Hear me, ye winds and waves,' by Handel. On the other side is a most delightful song, 'Tis jolly to hunt,' from a cantata called 'The May Queen,' by Chorley and Sterndale Bennett, which shows that even middle nineteenth-century English music contains some things worth hearing.

The Gramophone Company sends us no complete work. There are some excellent things in their list. The 'Sanctus' from the B minor Mass is far more successful than the previously issued records of the performance in the Albert Hall under Dr. Bairstow. The pace is rather leisurely, and the result is that the music does not swing along quite as it should. The tenors are weak in their statement of the fugue-subject at "Pleni sunt coeli." The part-writing comes out well for the most part. Among operatic records one of the love-duet in the first act of 'Die Walküre,' sung by Gota Ljungberg and Walter Widdop, and one of the duet from the last act of 'Aida,' sung by Rosa Ponselle and Martinelli, may be recommended. The last-named includes the choruses and the part of Amneris, which is well done by an unnamed singer. The only fault is that the soprano hangs up the rhythm too much in order to produce an emotional effect. The Covent Garden opera orchestra under Mr. Goossens has recorded excerpts from the four movements of 'Shéhérazade.' The work certainly bears cutting, but not quite such a severe pruning as this, which destroys all continuity.

ART

THREE EXHIBITIONS

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

Modigliani. Arthur Tooth and Sons' Galleries, 155 New Bond Street.

Barbizon House. 9 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

New Chenil Galleries. King's Road, Chelsea.

THE rarity of Modigliani's work must necessarily give even to a collection of his slight drawings a peculiar interest. Indeed, was Modigliani ever anything but slight, ever anything but a producer of what Mr. Sickert calls his "exhilarated babble"? In a sense he was not. All his work has that elusive, tender quality of line, so delicately drawn that from a short distance it disappears, which might be called "slight." Even in his paintings, as the remarkable 'Portrait d'une Femme' at Tooth's illustrates, he produces an effect of evanescence. Yet underneath it all is a deep seriousness. His talent, his "queer" talent, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Playfair's lately deceased revue, dances about over the ages, borrowing here a Byzantine, there a Greek, there a Rossetti face or form and somehow endueing them all with essential modesty: and after the delicate game is over, we are left wondering just what it means, though we are quite convinced that it means something. Mr. Yeats would understand, we feel, and be a little shocked.

Modigliani was one of the real masters of pure line: he very rarely "shaded." In fact, he almost gave line its head. If it seemed to demand such a direction, he let it go, whatever might be the dull, material fact which had inspired him. He was a greater Beardsley—but very much greater. 'Marianne' is a drawing which sums up his amazing power over line. In a dozen deadly accurate strokes it lays before us a challenging head, a dangerous woman, vicious and terribly attractive, and, like all Modigliani's creations, "fey." In 'Don Quichotte' the artist challenges the border line of sanity. Is this man, like Mr. Wells's Preamby, one of the rare sane, or must we write him down an ass, and all the dull world wise? And Modigliani had humour. His 'Torero Espagnol' is delicious: a picture of the popular hero out of Greece by Mr. Owen Nares. We should like to know a great deal about Modigliani. He would make an excellent subject for M. Maurois, if he happens to have finished with Ariel.

The *Barbizon House* show is not quite fair. It inaugurates the new premises with splendour, but it leaves the wretched critic with the impression that he must write a book, or be for ever silent. Here are two Velasquez. The 'St. Matthew' is early, illustrating the influence of Carravaggio on the Spaniard, a somewhat dry, though noble and astoundingly competent work. The 'Portrait of a Man' is a perfect revelation of character, rendered with all the delicate skill and subtle taste which make the painter a world master. Between them hangs a Whistler. Poor Whistler! One recalls the story of how a flatterer told him that there had been two great masters, Whistler and Velasquez, and how Whistler answered: "Why drag in Velasquez?" The irony of this hanging together!

Millet is wonderfully represented. 'Le Coup de Vent' is a fine dramatic landscape, but 'L'Hiver, les Bucheronnes,' and 'Une Famille de Paysans' are masterpieces. Both are almost boldly painted, no graces, no charm. The first speaks the cruellest truth; we feel with the peasants whose sagging bodies are all portrayed in the vital, sympathetic outline. The second is an epic of labour: we are impressed by the simple dignity of these two workers, and their child who is to be a worker after them.

I have often said that I think Mr. Wilson Steer the greatest of our living painters. His 'Walberswick Pier' makes me wonder if he is not the greatest of all our painters. I am certain that neither Gainsborough nor Crome would mind his companionship, though Blake might. But then Blake always was a queer fish.

Then there is a magnificent Raeburn, a male portrait as usual, that of Dr. Douglas, of Galashiels. The female portrait of Mrs. Douglas of Brighton is, also as usual, inferior. Then there is a Monticelli: a fine piece of synthesis in which all forms are made the fitting parts of one. Then there is a glorious tail, that threatens to turn round, like a whiting's, and demand a place at the head; a tail of Corots, and Constable, and Daumier, and John, and Daubigny and Stevens; and there is another, feeble tail, of which the chief vertebrae are Romney and Hoppner and Sargent and the Maris.

After this, the *Chenil Galleries'* excellent show must, perforce, fall a little flat. Mr. P. H. Padwick again attracted my attention. His bold and "right" tonal harmonies rebuke modern gaudiness, and by their very austerity speak a high and serious mind. His work has that indefinable and rare thing we call "quality." Mr. John D. Revel has a jolly, swirling, whirling vision, like the glittering of sunlight through sea-spray. There is great charm in Mr. Richard Wyndham's 'Roundabouts,' the wooden toy charm of a certain aspect of Russia; and Mr. Claughton Pellew's 'Bavarian Landscapes,' too, makes an appeal to the eternal child: it belongs to the best possible fairyland.

I shall not attempt to summarize Mr. Epstein, who shows four busts; nor Mr. Roberts, who shows two brutal and true paintings. I have too often written of them both. In a last breath I would recommend the works of Mr. Gerald Summers, Mr. Henry Rushbury and Mr. Powys Evans, whose knowledge of "types" is profound, and who possesses sufficient skill and wit to present them most agreeably. His work as "Quiz" is, of course, familiar to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE KINEMA

The ninth performance of the *Film Society*, given at the New Gallery Kinema last Sunday, was interesting without being remarkable. The first film to be shown was one of those fascinating plant bionomics series, shown by the slowed-down camera (British Instructional Films). These films must be of great value to schools; to the adult observer they prove vaguely disquieting. It is difficult after seeing them to believe that plants are without feeling. All life is contained in the struggle of these flowers for mastery.

An amusing diversion was provided by Mr. Alex. Stewart's "Sashascopes," a new process of kaleidoscopic cinematography by which portraits are presented in a novel form. They were undoubtedly clever, and one or two seemed to convey a curious symbolism; but can they have a future?

A short and not unamusing Chaplin film was included, and also what the programme gravely called an "early Griffith." The crudity of the latter was exceedingly funny. On such stuff did the public dote a few years ago: then who will say the film has not advanced?

The main film of the day was 'The Hands of Orlac' (Pan Film, Austria). It contained some clever lighting and photography—on occasion so clever that I could not see what was happening—but unfortunately the producers do not seem to have made up their minds precisely what they wanted to do. After beginning on a most interesting psychological theme, the film degenerated into a crook drama of the baser sort.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—37

SET BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rendering of the following verses by Tennyson in the style of Robert Browning, in not more than fourteen lines:

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best uncanny story told in the fewest possible words. The number of words must not in any case exceed four hundred.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week's LITERARY 37a, or LITERARY 37b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold one or more prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, November 22, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 35

SET BY CLENNELL WILKINSON

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best answer to the following problem:

Take the speaker or the principal character concerned in each of the following quotations from Dickens and reassemble the four for a picnic luncheon on Hampstead Heath, giving a general idea of their conversation and behaviour, in not more than 300 words.

At breakfast.—"Here is a devilled grill, a savoury pie, a dish of kidneys, and so forth. Pray sit down. Old Joe can give you nothing but camp fare, you see." "Very excellent fare..." replied his guest; and not in mere politeness either.

At dinner.—"Very good little dinner, sir, they can get ready in half an hour—pair of fowls, sir, and a weal cutlet; French beans, 'tatures, tart, and tidiness. You'd better stop were you are, sir, if I might recommend."

At tea.—With his hands in his pockets hovered restlessly about these delicacies, stopping occasionally to whisk the flies out of the sugar basin with his wife's pocket-handkerchief, or to dip a teaspoon in the milk-pot and carry it to his mouth, or to cut off a little knob of crust, and a little corner of meat, and swallow them at two gulps like a couple of pills. "Dost thou feel hongry, lass?"

At supper.—Walked into an oyster shop... led his party into a box—a private box, fitted up with red curtains, white table-cloth and cruet-stand complete, and ordered a fierce gentleman with whiskers... to bring three dozen of his largest sized oysters and to look sharp about it.

B. The ship "Hopewell," of Bristol, sets sail for America on August 5, 1571, but unfortunately runs into the Sargasso Sea, where she is doomed to drift for ever without a breath of wind. The super-cargo, an educated young man, son of a Bristol merchant,

kept a diary, which Hakluyt would have loved to print. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best version of the last entry made in this diary, in not more than 200 words. Verisimilitude as well as invention is necessary.

We have received the following report from Mr. Clennell Wilkinson, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. CLENNELL WILKINSON

35A. Apparently Dickens really is a back number, as the old men of twenty are saying. Or perhaps it is just that this section of the competition was too much like hard work. Anyhow, the answers were comparatively few and comparatively unexciting. But they all seemed to me to be competent, and it was difficult to choose the first two. In suggesting M. R. Williamson and M. L. (in that order), I am aware that they are both of them weak on Major Bagstock; but a review of all the entries seems to show that "old Josh" is not nearly so easy to reproduce as he sounds. It is horrible to think what would have happened to him if he had really thrust his cane into John's ribs, as M. L. suggests. As to M. R. Williamson's very efficient parody, I have only to object that I do not remember Sam saying "Mas'r" in reference to Mr. Pickwick, and I hope he never did.

FIRST PRIZE

Sam approached the appointed spot staggering under the weight of a huge hamper, and the Major, who had already arrived, roared impatiently, "Damme, what the devil is this? Where's Mr. Pickwick?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said Sam, touching his hat. "Mas'r's compliments—he's wery sorry an' attack o' the rheumatics perwents him a-comin' to welcome you his-self." "Rheumatics," said Mr. Weller, with an agreeable smile, "is like twins; con-fining, as the lady said."

This freedom of address caused the Major to turn purple in the face, and his eyes to start out of his head to such a degree that Mr. Browdie, riding up on a very smart nag, became alarmed at these incipient signs of apoplexy, and dealt him a series of resounding buffets on the back by way of a gentle restorative.

"'Ecod, mun," said John, "deant-ee moind young chap; lets a' be jolly an' coomfortable together. Con-pack t' looncheon, youngsther. Here," he called to Kit, who was lingering near by and shifting from one foot to the other, staring with his mouth wide open at the Major, and thinking he wouldn't like to be servant to such a ferocious gentleman, "dost want a job?"

"Yes, if you please, sir," said Kit. "Do you want the horse minding?"

"Coot awa' wi' un to th' Owd Soldier, an' coom back for a snack. Art hoongry, lad?"

"Why, yes, sir, I am a little so," answered Kit.

By this time Sam had laid out the cold beef and ham, the pigeon pies, the fowls, and lobster salad, which pleasing sight somewhat mollified the Major's ire.

"But take care, J. B. is a Tartar; Bagstock is not to be trifled with; he's tough and devilish sly."

"Wery good," said Sam. "The vittles is served. Dispatch, as the executioner said."

M. R. WILLIAMSON

SECOND PRIZE

"Undo the hamper, Kit," said Mr. Pickwick, peering through his gold-rimmed spectacles at a titllebat. "This is delightful, thoroughly delightful!"

"Mr. Pickwick, sir," said his companion, "it is not for Joey B. to deliver himself up a prey to his emotions," but "Damme, sir!" cried Major Bagstock in a spasm of generosity, "I agree with you."

At that moment a stout Yorkshireman approached with a broad grin. "Mr. John Browdie, a friend of mine," said Mr. Pickwick with perfect coolness and self-possession.

"Gie us thee hond," said honest John, giving the Major's fist a huge wrench. The choleric Major thrust his cane among John Browdie's ribs.

"Dom'd scoondrel," roared John.

"Come, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick, anxious to abstain from giving offence, "I must beg you to control your feelings."

"Dang it!" said John Browdie, "Gie us thee hond agean, Major." Mr. Pickwick's equanimity was at once restored. A sunbeam of placid benevolence played on his features as he said, "Sit down, Kit."

The awkward lad thrust his head over his shoulder, and bawled, "Nobody isn't such a fool as to say he won't." After which he incapacitated himself for further conversation by taking a most prodigious sandwich at one bite. Mr. John Browdie, not a gentleman of great conversational powers, grinning at nothing in particular, helped himself to pigeon pie with tremendous vigour.

The Major, leering and choking like an overfed Mephistopheles, with pickled cabbage oozing out of the corners of his eyes, moved closer to Mr. Pickwick, who retained his hold on the stone jar.

"Damme!" said the Major. "Fair play for Josh. His Royal . . ."

"Good," said Mr. Pickwick, smacking his lips. "Very good!" whereupon yielding to the influence of that exciting liquid, punch, he fell asleep. M. L.

35B. This competition drew a lot of entries. Some attempted the old spelling—a strain I never meant to put upon them—but did not find in it the secret of verisimilitude. On the whole, however, Hakluyt's manner was extraordinarily well reproduced, and if there was a weakness it was in invention. For his strength in this respect I choose Michael Mulready first; but I think G. L. runs him a very close second.

FIRST PRIZE

The 5 day of Februarie, 1572

I write in the beliefe that this will be the last time that my hand shall hold a pen.

It is now the fiftieth day since we entered this accursed sea of Sargasso, and the fifth day since Abraham Brown stole the water that was left. This morning there was no soul alive but John Hawes and I, and at about ten of the clock he fell into a lunatic phrenzy sad to see. He babbled of his piracies, and of murders and infamies such as made me marvel that God so long had spared him.

I tried to pray and to comfort him, but he drove me off with horrid blasphemies. He became weaker, and about the time that the sun was at the meridian a gull plucked out his eyes. He rolled to his knees shrieking, and then fell back dead.

The Devil, tempting me, said: "Eat of his body, drink of his blood." God gave me strength; helped by the list of the ship I hove his body overboard.

The sky it turneth dark: I know not whether it be rain or Death that cometh. Christ Jesus receive my Soul.

MICHAEL MULREADY

SECOND PRIZE

18th day of December, 1571. Aboard the ship *Hopewell*. The 94th day without wind.

I have remained reclining on deck against the fo'castle since yesternoon, when I left the mate dead in the cabin, I not having strength to carry and heave his corpse overboard, as we two had done with the corpse of the seaman, Peter Richards, four days gone. My powers slowly leave me, and I can no longer see the after part of the ship clearly. Even the stink of the weed overside rotting under the sun seems not so strong.

This I know will be my last writing, for so soon as I empty my mind of thought, sleep and death will descend upon me.

If this book chance to be preserved and found by any adventurer, I pray that it may be sent to my father, Matthew Corsham, merchant, by the Christ-mass Steps in the city of Bristol.

A deadly numbness has taken my legs, and now my body. I have no more power to write.

God save my soul . . .

G. L.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

'AUTOBIOGRAPHIES' (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.), by Mr. W. B. Yeats, is of course no more than a reprint of 'Reveries' and 'The Trembling of the Veil,' but nevertheless must be given special prominence. If Mr. Yeats were not a poet, he would long ago have been given a place of the highest distinction as the writer of sensitive and exquisitely cadenced prose.

'The Life and Letters of Tobias Smollett' (Faber and Gwyer, 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Lewis Melville, claims notice as, we believe, the only work on that novelist written in recent years.

'Dreads and Drolls' (Secker, 10s. 6d.) is composed of nearly thirty studies from real life by Mr. Arthur Machen, who seems to have endeavoured here to give to observed fact the quality of fiction.

'A History of Caricature' (Faber and Gwyer, 25s.), by Mr. Bohun Lynch, has an authority to which few of its predecessors pretended. The work of one of the ablest caricaturists of to-day, it surveys rapidly the whole evolution of caricature. The illustrations, though hardly as numerous as could be expected in a book of this sort, are well chosen.

'The Bedside Bible' (Chapman and Hall, 15s.) is a welcome sequel to Mr. W. L. Courtney's edition of the Bible as a piece of literature. Very sensibly, we have been given an ample page and a book light enough to be easily handled. The selection of passages appears, on a hasty inspection, to have been made with characteristic judgment.

With this we may consider 'The Book of Revelation' (Philip Allan, 8s. 6d.), with illustrations from the plates by Dürer, and 'The Book Nobody Knows' (Constable, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. Bruce Barton, author of 'The Man Nobody Knows.'

'The Crock of Gold' (Macmillan, 21s.) now reappears with striking illustrations, by Mr. Thomas Mackenzie, in which something like justice is done to the fantasies of Mr. James Stephens. The copy sent us has, however, one defect: it does not open easily.

An elaborately illustrated edition of 'Green Mansions' (Duckworth, 15s.) has sixty drawings by Mr. Keith Henderson.

'Forest, Steppe and Tundra' (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d.) is a volume of studies of the effect of environment on animals. The author, Maud Haviland, takes us successively to a forest in Guiana, the steppe of Southern Russia, and the Arctic tundra.

'A Hunting Diary' (Nisbet, 15s.), by the late Captain N. W. Apperley, records experiences with sixty-six packs. The writer, who was a grandson of "Nimrod," shows inherited ability to reproduce the atmosphere of hunting, and his gusto is infectious.

Messrs. Benn's new series, 'The Yellow Books,' is continued by Mr. D. H. Lawrence's 'Glad Ghosts' (Benn, 15s.), and this looks as if it were Mr. Lawrence at or very near his best.

The charmingly produced 'New Adelphi Library,' in which Mr. Secker is reprinting various of his successes of the last decade, has now had added to it 'The Hampdenshire Wonder,' by Mr. Beresford, 'The Great God Pan,' and 'Hieroglyphics,' by Mr. Arthur Machen, 'New Leaves,' by Mr. Filson Young, and 'The Aspern Papers,' by Henry James (Secker, 3s. 6d. each vol.). The volumes of this series are at once convenient for the pocket and capable of holding their own on a shelf, and they are remarkably cheap.

In the comely collected edition of his writings we now have Mr. Maurice Baring's 'Round the World in any Number of Days' (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.).

REVIEWS

MR. W. H. DAVIES

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Song of Love. By W. H. Davies. Cape. 3s. 6d.

The Adventures of Johnny Walker, Tramp. By W. H. Davies. Cape. 7s. 6d.

MR. DAVIES'S new poem is prefaced with a dark avowal which, because I find it difficult to understand, I shall reproduce verbatim:

In writing these verses I am attempting to make poetry popular. That is to say, I would like to give as much pleasure to the general reader as to the student of poetry. Whether I succeed or not remains to be seen.

Now it is fairly safe to say that few poets who have deliberately proposed to themselves any aim outside that of writing as well as possible have managed to achieve it, though the Providence that watches over poets in their most foolish moments very frequently sees to it that their aim does not prevent them from writing well. And if this piece is not to be placed among Mr. Davies's unqualified successes, yet it fails in a way with which we are familiar in him already. But he states his purpose in so queer a manner that it is worth while attempting to understand what he means by it and how he hopes to achieve it.

In the first place, what are we to understand by the antithesis between the "general reader" and the "student of poetry"? The "general reader" means here, I take it at a guess, the man with sufficient education to be able to read, with sufficient application to read books as well as newspapers and with sufficient intellectual curiosity to read other books beside light fiction. He constitutes, that is to say, the reading public at large, to which, one would have supposed, the poet, like the romancer or the essayist, naturally addressed himself. But apparently not. Hitherto, though whether always hitherto or how long hitherto Mr. Davies does not state, the poet has addressed himself to one who specifically studies his specific product.

And we must confess that in the naivety of Mr. Davies's phrases there is a horrible truth concealed. It is, of course, a fact that the poet did once address himself to the general reader, just like any other writer. Scott and Byron did so with considerable success. Keats and Shelley were distressed because their efforts were not equally successful. Tennyson again competed on level terms with anyone who published a book. But since then the poet has tended more and more to drift into a separate category, among authors. Generally speaking, only a few enthusiasts buy books of verse and even so they usually prefer anthologies so that they need not be afflicted by more than the quintessence of what they admire. And we have the phenomena of poetry societies, poetry circles, poetry readings and poetry magazines, as though the enjoyment of poetry were a specialized hobby like breeding guinea-pigs.

This is a state of affairs from which we may well pray to be delivered. But how is it to be done? And is Mr. Davies conspicuously the man to do it? Not, I think, in his present poem, at any rate. This composition consists of one hundred short stanzas having much the same coherence, connexion and progression as the stanzas of the Rubaiyat—that is to say, here one finds a single stanza in epigrammatic isolation and there a sequence of several making a detachable lyric, while all have a certain unity of tone and attitude.

And here, too, one frequently finds if not the rare

very best of Mr. Davies, yet much that is delightfully characteristic in such stanzas as these:

Where shall we live, in some green vale,
Or on a hill that's high?
Sometimes a hill and wood are one
With tree-tops in the sky.

And should we live in London town,
Shall we chance not meet
Two horses with a load of hay
Sweetening a crowded street?

Here, too, are Mr. Davies's own very characteristic hopes and fancies such as:

Time, my love said, is sprinkling his
White jewels in my hair;
To join like dewdrops soon, and make
One big white diamond there.

All this is very well and very pleasant. But of late years Mr. Davies has been bitten by a desire to philosophize, and that also is exemplified here. But, as Goethe said of Byron, as soon as he reflects he is a child, and the naivety which goes well enough with feeling suits awkwardly with an attempt at thought:

When as a little boy I saw
The water break and stir,
I wondered what mysterious life
Had brought those bubbles there.

Now as a man full-grown and strong,
And known to many men,
I watch those bubbles still, and know
No more than I did then.

Is there a God, I ask, and smoke—
But fear, with reverence,
To foul the Face of a God with smoke
And a mortal's arrogance.

My pipe goes out, I sit in thought,
A humble man and sad:
And then a voice within me says—
You have done well, my lad.

It is perhaps on his natural naivety, rendered gauchely here and charmingly elsewhere, that Mr. Davies relies for his attempt to make poetry popular again. And yet naivety is often an acquired taste and that many-headed beast, the general reader, would probably be much more at home with something a little more sophisticated, a little more like what he has been accustomed to think of as poetry. Indeed, for Mr. Davies to suppose that his natural simplicity of mind will help him to make poetry popular is rather like recommending caviare to the general on the ground that the sturgeon is a simple-minded fish.

There is another light cast on Mr. Davies's real talents in the preface to the second book named at the head of this article. This is a new version of two earlier works and the author says:

There was one strong point against them—the essay-form was used more than the narrative, and people preferred the latter. In doing this book, 'Johnny Walker, Tramp,' I have used the experiences selected in 'Beggars' and 'The True Traveller,' but I have destroyed the essay-form, and made the book run as a story.

It is clear that Mr. Davies's public knows what it wants from him and that it understands his genius rather better than he always does himself. His gift is for concrete observation and narrative rather than for the reflective essay-form, whether in prose or in verse. This book, a story of tramping in England and America, has on every page its own peculiar, unmistakable flavour. Its naivety is, to be sure, mixed with a good deal of self-conscious cunning, but is none the less genuine for that. It is reminiscent of those rural characters who often display a real simplicity of mind in recounting instances of their own quite real cunning. It is Mr. Davies's achievement, especially in prose, to have brought this quite peculiar temper into literature. In poetry, of course, he has very often done a great deal more.

THE HISTORIAN OF THE PIRATES

A General History of the Robberies and Murders of the most Notorious Pirates. By Captain Charles Johnson. Edited by Arthur L. Haywood. Routledge. 25s.

THE pirates should never have been sent upstairs to the nursery. We can see that now; and the recent spate of piratical literature for grown-ups may be taken as a formal invitation to them to step downstairs into the more appropriate atmosphere of the smoking-room. We are tired of the schoolboy version. What we want to know now about the pirates are *facts*—and still more facts—and Captain Charles Johnson is undoubtedly the man to go to for them. Nearly all the pirate stories ever written may be traced back to this famous history of his, first published in 1724. Indeed he displays a knowledge of the ways of those who sailed "on the account," so intimate and detailed as almost to suggest a suspicion that we shall not be ungrateful enough to name. Whatever his antecedents, the world is so much in his debt that if anything were known of his movements we should probably be looking for some house to set a plaque upon. He alone can correct the schoolboy version and give us the facts we need. He is careless—so careless that he was assumed to be an ordinary liar, until comparatively recent times. But we recognize now that his mistakes were quite unimportant—mere slips of the pen—whereas every new effort of modern research tends to establish the general accuracy of his narrative.

We find, too, in his artless prose just the sort of information we require in order to form a picture of the pirates in our minds. To take an outstanding example, Johnson never fails to tell us what kind of flag each particular crew of ruffians sailed under. In 'Captain Singleton,' it will be remembered, Defoe speaks of a red flag, and Defoe knew his subject very thoroughly. But Johnson states that Teach, Vane, Lowther, Sprigg, and indeed the large majority of his heroes, preferred black. Howel Davis used "a dirty tarpaulin" in default of anything better; but often the flag was of silk. Bartholemew Roberts was apparently the inventor of the skull and cross-bones, the original Jolly Roger. He had a pretty taste in flags, had Bartholemew, and found time to design several others, featuring bleeding hearts, flaming swords, and so forth, before an unimaginative hangman cut short his career. The only pirate captain definitely stated by Johnson to have flown a red flag is England, and even he seems to have varied his practice. The "bloody flag" of poor Stede Bonnet (who took to piracy in order to escape from his wife) was probably a black one, in spite of the adjective.

Another point that needs clearing up is the degree of cruelty used towards their victims by the average pirate crew. The nursery would have us believe that prisoners were invariably made to walk the plank; but neither in Ringrose's journal, nor in Johnson himself, nor in Defoe's fiction do we find a single reference to this picturesque custom. On the other hand, prisoners were frequently tied back to back and pitched prosaically over the side. Many of Johnson's pirates had a written rule that quarter must be given to captured crews, and Davis even made it a crime punishable by death to refuse it. But others, like Low, encouraged wholesale massacres. Low was the only pirate who ever came near to the abominable cruelty of the earlier buccaneers. He had a keen sense of humour. On one occasion, having captured the master of a whaleboat off Rhode Island, he cut off the poor man's ears and "made him eat them himself, with pepper and salt"—which he did "without a word." Spriggs, another humorist, would make captured commanders dance on deck in the moonlight, till they dropped, for the entertainment of his crew; or he would invite them to dinner in his cabin, and

force a meal of candles down their throats. But the best joke of all was the well-known practice of "sweating" prisoners, which Johnson thus describes:

This operation is performed after this manner: they stick up lighted candles circularly round the mizenmast between decks, within which the patients, one at a time, enter; without the candles the Pirates post themselves, as many as can stand, forming another circle, and armed with pen-knives, tucks [rapiers], forks, compasses, etc., and as he runs round and round, the music playing at the same time, they prick him with those instruments. This usually lasts for 10 or 12 minutes, which is as long as the miserable man can support himself.

Unlike the apocryphal plank-walking, this "sweating" was apparently quite common. And here, with the lights and the music and the bloodstained decks, and the roars of savage laughter profaning the tropical night air, we might leave our gentlemen—but that there is just one more irresistible quotation. A certain Philip Roche, an Irishman, having with some of his countrymen shipped on a French vessel, rose suddenly against the crew and massacred them all. At his subsequent trial Roche confessed that after the massacre he and his colleagues were "all over as wet with blood that had been spilt as if they had been dipped in water or stood in a shower of rain." Asked what they did next, he deposed that "they washed themselves a little from the blood, and then sat down in the captain's cabin and refreshed themselves with some rum they found there, and (as Roche confessed) were never merrier in their lives." It is not recorded how Roche met his inevitable end, but it is a fact that most of these ruffians died as gamely as they had lived.

The present edition of Johnson's work—the first for two hundred years—is in every way a credit to its publishers, who are particularly to be congratulated upon the delightful illustrations, obtained from an eighteenth-century Dutch edition of the book. It is really very cheap at the price.

MR. WELLS AS AN EDUCATIONIST

H. G. Wells: Educationist. By F. H. Doughty. Cape. 5s.

MR. WELLS'S claims to be regarded as an authority on education are not beyond dispute, but even if we admit them as readily as Mr. Doughty, there still remains the problem of elucidating some consistent idea from the tangle of his published views. In 'The World of William Clissold' we have something like an admission of the futility of many of these vague pronouncements. "My distant cousin Wells" . . . he makes Clissold say, "has shown a pathetic disposition throughout a large part of his life to follow schoolmasters about and ask them to be more so, but different." He goes on to refer to himself as having "produced encyclopædic schemes and curricula that no schoolmaster would or could undertake." But where are these schemes and curricula? Mr. Doughty, who is as sympathetic and conscientious a critic as any man could wish, has constantly to excuse him either for refraining from committing himself to any definite proposal on this point, or for publishing mutually exclusive, if not contradictory, views about that one. Mr. Doughty, in fact, uses his powers of analysis to little purpose on a subject so vague and intangible, for there is not, in any ordinary sense, a Wellsian system of education.

To test the matter in practice, put Mr. Wells in a school and give him a free hand; he will undoubtedly set himself to educate, not the pupils, but the teachers. That is the reason why after so much discussion and thought his views on education have never taken, or at any rate kept, a clear and definite form; they do not aim simply at superseding one method of teaching by another, but at taking education out of the hands of an existing class, and committing it to one which

exists only in Mr. Wells's aspirations. Two comments on his 'Story of a Great Schoolmaster' help to bring this out. The first is the remark in 'Clissold' about Sanderson, "whose chief claim to immortality is that there never was a man in control of a public school so little like a schoolmaster." The second is Mr. Doughty's, which terms this biography "Valuable as one of the few instances in which Mr. Wells has 'given himself away' in a positive direction." It is suggestive that Mr. Wells's educational policy should so belatedly crystallize into tangible form about the personality of an eccentric and exceptional headmaster, for it has no absolute existence of its own. It is a cloudy structure founded on the fervent wish that schoolmasters should possess a fuller humanity, an immensely broader outlook, and should be, above all, more alive and more in touch with life than any mortal man. It is, in brief, nothing but a province of his Utopia, requiring men like gods to make it workable; but for its discreet vagueness, and the enthusiasm, long lost in politics and life, which still makes roseate the educational outlook, the hopelessly visionary nature of this Wellsian programme would have drastically reduced its influence.

Mr. Doughty struggles bravely to unravel from the voluminous works of the Master some coherent development of educational thought; it cannot be said that he is successful. He brings out the nature of the Wellsian policy excellently without seeming to appreciate its bearing. Though he finds how much is "hedged" and how much left unexplained, he still appears to believe, not that Mr. Wells is without ideas on these matters, but that he is for some mysterious reason keeping them dark. Everything essential that the book contains would go in a very small compass; but if the examination had not been so detailed and sympathetic, the unintentional exposure would have been much less effective. Analysis makes it obvious that the influence of Mr. Wells on education will never be practical but broadly inspirational, in awakening it to active realization of the greatness of its potentialities and shortcomings.

SATIRE IN SONG

News of the Devil. By Humbert Wolfe. Benn. 3s. 6d.

WE live in an age of few big poets, and even fewer big poems. The great men work in little, creating masterpieces of twelve lines or so. When, therefore, Mr. Wolfe comes along with a thousand lines, and all of them in heroic couplets, and satire at that, he seems to arrive with drums and trumpets; he is a portent. We are back in the spacious days. Even if the venture were a failure, it would be a heartening and satisfying one; but the odd thing is (odd, at any rate, it will seem to those who have not previously recognized the size and force of Mr. Wolfe's genius) that the venture is a success. In the spacious days, before the plague of faint damns fell upon literature, it would have been hailed as a triumphant success.

It is a satire, and it is a success; but it is not a successful satire. The day for that is past, or perhaps Mr. Wolfe is insufficiently cruel by nature. "Anything to give pain!" was the motto which the great satirists borrowed from the Stevenson who had not yet coined it. They pretended, of course, that their motive was the encouragement of virtue; but they were without exception, and of necessity, humbugs. Not that moral indignation need be lacking: Burke's assault on the Duke of Bedford, and Byron's on "the intellectual eunuch, Castlereagh," were obviously moved by a deep and wrathful righteousness; but, however high the original impulse, when it came to the making of phrases, those phrases were winged and poisoned with the will to hurt. Mr. Wolfe is less personal and less bitter. He too has tried to be an

assassin; but, he does not know how, pity is always breaking in.

The hero of his piece—which is to say, since we are dealing with satire, the villain—is a newspaper proprietor. But no living newspaper proprietor will ache in his withers, and no dead one will turn in his grave, because of it. The attack is pretty, it is witty, it is done with the perfection of taste and touch; but, where the theme grows too vast and perilous for mere wit, the angels of pathos and poetry, not the devils of scorn and hatred, take on the upward flight. Consider, for example, the passage in which Paul Arthur, after enumerating to the devil the methods of publicity, winds up with a few axioms:

"The Press needs trouble."

"Don't fret at bubbles pricked; blow a new bubble."

"Never tell truth unmixed or unmixed lies."

"Always forget, never apologize."

"For headlines every man is half a hero,

And equally for headlines half a Nero."

"Remember, therefore, in your warmest praise,

to note the hero's weaknesses—in case."

"Nothing's too high to spoil, too low to use."

"The sole criterion is and must be news."

"There is one only law, one only virtue,

desert your friends before your friends desert you."

"And finally, there is but one damnation,

a failure to maintain your circulation."

"And thus by men applauded and forgiven,

I ruled in Hell by proving Hell was heaven."

And Arthur's voice upon this sentence broke,

And for a moment neither of them spoke.

And in the quiet of the room a strange

and brooding light made both the faces change.

For Arthur's face had grown so pinched and small

it scarcely seemed a human face at all,

And in the darkness of the other face

was lit an unexpected tenderness.

That passage is a long one to pick out for quotation; but the only adequate way of reviewing this book would be by quotation of the whole of it. It is unfair to stop even where we have stopped: for immediately afterwards comes a passage of ecstatic beauty and anger: the war is presented in vision, a drift of murder across the lovely world; and the passage closes thus:

But for myself, I hear, I always hear,
devil, the thin, the terrible soft cheer
of the faithful dead who died, that liberty
might die with them. And all day long I see
faces, faint faces, cold, innumerable,
that smiled on me in passing, knowing well
there is no laughter in death (and as a child
puzzled, but trusting me, they passed and smiled).
Aye, they march through my heart in dreams, the living
patient, most ignorant and most forgiving.
They smile, and pass, and fade, and here I stand
in no man's company, in No Man's Land.
O God, I fought with you, and with your stars.
See, God, how deep my wounds, and all my scars.

And so on, without one flagging or failing note, to the poem's end:

Your sins and you have here become a part
of the immortal movement of the Heart,
that does not judge, nor blame, nor yet forgive,
but being needed by all things that live,
needs all of them, and, therefore, the echoes cry,
"Be not afraid, Paul Arthur, It is I."

The general design does not emerge so clearly, till after the second reading, as the special beauties; but it is important. We begin on the level of railery: Paul Arthur has thought of religion as a Press-stunt, and sent out for a Testament; but he is a man stricken with mortal illness, with no time left for stunts; in his darkening room, he is confronted by his God; and after that:

So much the voice and suddenly was gone.
And in its place the new religion
filled all the earth, and Mr. Arthur stood
and the devil said to him: "Be thou my good!"

How that conversation developed we have already to a small extent seen. Some will be found, perhaps, to boggle at the design as blasphemous: it is no more blasphemous than 'The Vision of Judgment,' or the Prologue to 'Faust,' or 'L'Ile des Pingouins.' While to those who judge not by the externals but by the

spirit, the poem will surely be welcomed as a song in celebration of understanding and compassion. For such appreciation, it is not at all necessary that one should share the particular views expressed or implied. "Beauty," as Emerson remarked, "is its own excuse for being." And there can be no doubt that Mr. Wolfe has enriched the world with something beautiful.

He has (a point of special praise) nicely wedded tradition to originality. He writes in the grand old fashion—and makes it new. He uses the heroic couplet, most conventional of measures, and in his hands it suffers bewildering and delightful change, it is broken up and drawn out and linked on, it surges, flashes, sighs and sings. It becomes the fitting medium for the expression of poetic energy, it says what the poet wants it to say; and it goes on saying it more and more clearly from start to finish. Mr. Wolfe has proved that, even to-day, a great poem may be a long one, and a long poem great.

A GLOOMY PICTURE

Working Days. Edited by Margaret A. Pollock.
Cape. 6s.

THE plan of getting one individual worker from each of our principal industries to describe in his own words a typical day in his working life was a good enough idea in itself. Unfortunately nearly all the contributors to Mrs. Pollock's symposium have merely used the opportunity to indulge in the familiar diatribe against capitalism, leaving themselves no space in which to tell us any details about their daily lives that we did not already know. The picture of a worker's life presented here is one of unrelieved gloom. For instance, every single "typical day" is a cold or wet day. There is a "steady downpour," our workman is "wet to the skin," a cold wind whistles round the head of the house painter as he mounts his ladder. The only exception is the miner who rather tactlessly insists that the birds are often singing in "God's sunlight and fresh air" when he is down the mine.

"One half of the nation," observes Lord Buckmaster in his introduction, "does not know how the other half lives"; meaning to say—and quite rightly—that the upper half is often inexcusably ignorant of the lower. But "a colliery surface-man's" little sketch of his idea of a Royalty owner's life is a good illustration of the fact that the ignorance is not all on one side. This writer wastes quite a third of his space on mere empty rhetoric. So does the painter. Nor is it good editing to present as a typical workman the kind of man who joined the R.A.M.C. in the war because of a conscientious objection to taking life. But to all this the book contains just one brilliant exception—and that a woman. "S. B.," the textile-worker, obviously sets out with the honest intention of stating the facts, instead of simply pleading a cause. Where there is anything to be said for the employer, or where conditions have markedly improved, she duly records it, and she is coldly critical where things are wrong. Her chapter is illuminating—full of information. It leaves us with the feeling that terrible grievances undoubtedly exist, but that they are often in inverse ratio to the sound of complaining. We realize, too, that in all this story of hardship and danger and exposure to the weather no space has been found for a typical day in a seaman's life. The book as a whole has failed chiefly because the contributors, misunderstanding the intention that was doubtless in Mrs. Pollock's mind, have treated her invitation as though it came from the editor of the *Daily Herald*. Perhaps it will be repeated some day, with really typical workmen, who, instead of wasting our time with Hyde Park oratory, will tell us what we ought to know. After all, there must be some bright spots somewhere, or no one would survive.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

- A Man Could Stand Up.* By Ford Madox Ford. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.
Mr. Gilhooley. By Liam O'Flaherty. Cape. 7s. 6d.
Ironical Tales. By Laurence Housman. Cape. 6s.
The River Flows. By F. L. Lucas. The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.
The Fools. By John Stanley. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.

MR. FORD MADOX FORD describes life at the Front as well as any other novelist, perhaps better. His account lacks the sense of proportion which Mr. Mottram's had; it treats the war as a kind of blind catastrophe, repugnant to thought, unrelated to any coherent or tolerable conception of life. Though Mr. Mottram's hero could look beyond his job his mind always turned, without undue distress, to the business in hand and found a refuge there. His robust imagination could eat and digest what was set before it by destiny, however nauseous the fare. Not so Christopher Tietjens. The squire of Groby, landowner and mathematician, lymphatic, resolute, sensitive, quixotic, and most delicately balanced organism, was precisely the man on whose sensibility, on whose sanity even, the war took its heaviest toll. In his married, nominally "peace-time" life with the odious Sylvia, he had continually presented her, and the world in general, with gestures of generosity which were greeted with incredulity and contempt. And in the war, though he found some heart's ease in the affection of his men, the powers that be, particularly Lord Edward Campion, his wife's lover and David to this poor Uriah, behaved towards him with the maximum of misunderstanding and ingratitude. For saving a man's life under fire, or rather for being dirty and untidy as a result of this heroic act, he was deprived of his command. Stricken in heart and pocket (he was always lending money) he returns to England and to the illicit embraces of Valentine Wannop. Honourable as ever, he feels he must acquaint this lady's mother with his dishonourable intentions:

Her mother, to be in the van of mid-Victorian thought, had had to allow virtue to irregular unions. As long as they were high-minded. But the high-minded do not consummate irregular unions. . . They would have been ethically at liberty to, but they didn't. They ran with the ethical hare, but hunted with the ecclesiastical hounds. . . Still, of course, she could not go back on her premises just because it was her own daughter!

Unfortunate Tietjens, coming home to find his furniture sold by his wife's orders, and then this delicate disagreeable telephone interview! There was always a fly in his ointment.

Mr. Ford has a romanticism of his own, and in addition he has taken a deep draught of Conrad's. The world loathes and mistrusts the idealist in Tietjens, and Tietjens himself is too humble-minded, too sensitive to his own and other's pain, to find relief in contemplating the nobility of his own character. His motives, like Mr. Ford's method of presenting them, are always complicated, sometimes obscure; he "reacts" almost equally to the actual needs of the moment and to his proposed standards of conduct. What agonies of adjustment and compromise he goes through! His thoughts, like Mr. Ford's sentences, nearly always lead up to an exclamation mark; the second-rateness of sublimary things and the necessity of taking it into account is a continual surprise to him. Life comes to him not whole but in a shower of fine sparks, bewildering in their multiplicity and their power to sting and burn. The pointillism of Mr.

Ford's method emphasizes perhaps unduly the discreteness of human consciousness; there is no real sequence, each moment is like a re-birth, a re-awakening to pain and perplexity. Applied to the war, it imparts the right febrile atmosphere; in ordinary life (so far as Mr. Ford portrays ordinary life) it makes confusion worse confounded. We are sorry to say good-bye to Tietjens, who, besides being a genuine creation, is a most likeable fellow. This third instalment of his history has magnificent moments, but none finer than the passage which gives the book its title.

Dublin, drink, and most kinds of dissoluteness are the material of Mr. O'Flaherty's latest story. Its theme is difficult to disentangle, for the chief characters are so chronically intoxicated that they might do anything and still be true to his conception of them. They are, in the main, riff-raff left over from national disorders, professional bravoos without an occupation. Mr. Gilhooley, a melancholy voluptuary, is among them but not of them; he even has some trouble in acquiring a revolver. Did he mean to shoot his mistress, or her lover Matt? In the end his bare hands performed the office for him. How some Irish writers love to make public their country's sores! Mr. O'Flaherty has a powerful imagination; he can drag beauty out of squalor, and suggest order in chaos; but his vision is agitated by a high wind that won't go down; his psychology is concerned chiefly with exaggerated types, lunatics and criminals. In its lucid intervals his talent seems flat; it glows only when it has drink taken.

There is little to say about Mr. Housman's 'Ironical Tales.' They are mainly concerned with earthly and heavenly despots and go to prove that, for gods and men, "direct action" is apt to have consequences the very reverse of what was expected. The fables are brief, sometimes pregnant, sometimes slight. At their best they are epigrams that succeed; at their worst, epigrams that fail. One and all they are neatly finished, and their workmanship is a delight, but they are best taken singly or in small doses since the sense of finality, on which they depend, weakens with repetition. Mr. Housman is one of the few living writers who can produce fairy-stories unspoiled by affectation. In this volume, as its title implies, the romantic mood is subdued to the ironic. Heads falls like leaves in autumn; the example is faint, the warning plain. Must every moral be nourished by so many deaths? Considering the sacrifices made for them, some of Mr. Housman's points ought to be fatter than they are. But there is a pleasure to be got out of these fables, apart from their ingenuity and their wit; the pleasure of hearing of a number of disasters and of saying, "I told you so" after each.

'The River Flows' is the work of a man of acute intelligence and wide literary appreciation. It tells a tragic story of the loves of the triangles. A well-known theme; but before we can protest against it Mr. Lucas, through the mouth of one of his characters, forestalls us. In reading his work we are agreeably aware that any criticism that suggests itself to us will probably have occurred to him too. The trouble is that his characters are equally self-critical; they dramatize themselves, analyze their emotions (the story is told by a diary, in which occasional letters are embedded) until we cannot help suspecting them of insincerity. These inflamed sensibilities, aware of themselves at every point, conscious it seems of their very instincts, asking for and needing no interpretation from us, have within them no force of unexplored, unreasoning life to set in motion their vast machinery of self-knowledge. They are stagnant, sunk in their own morbidity. Yet the book is haunted by a sense of beauty; the narrator's mind is a storehouse of beautiful things; at a quotation, at a Greek name, at any contact with a remembered masterpiece of art it kindles and can impart its fire to us. There

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a diver

is living passion in Margaret's letters to her lover; there is a sense throughout the book of fine souls caught in a tangle, injured and injuring each other, striving to gain by force of will the happiness their hearts deny them.

'The Fools' has the same defect: it is too academic. And yet what good things Mr. Stanley has put into it: admirable comments on life admirably phrased; moods and aspects of London, especially autumnal London, exquisitely caught and rendered with a faithfulness and precision that are like a tonic to the mind. Jonathan, whose theory of independence the story illustrates, is a legendary figure before it begins, and never really emerges from his proper twilight. He is so much discussed by his friends that the true lines of his character, drawn by so many hands, are indistinct: like Waring, he gives us all the slip. He lives by a theory and suffers for it, as do most who come in contact with him, particularly the American lady who established herself in London, amid the tattle of spiteful tongues, to gratify his sense of the romantic. Poor *corpus vile* of his experiment, she did not come out of it with colours flying. 'The Fools' is not an easy book to read, but it is a rewarding one. Mr. Stanley has not, we think, quite made out his thesis: but his characters bring to the business of living an integrity of emotion which always challenges sympathy. Fiction is full of Falls; but of haughty spirits, such as Mr. Stanley has drawn here, it has all too few.

SHORTER NOTICES

Bath Under Beau Nash—and After. By Lewis Melville. Nash and Grayson. 7s. 6d.

THIS book was originally published in 1907. It has now been reissued with an additional chapter carrying on the history of the period twenty years after Nash's death. On all matters connected with the eighteenth century Mr. Lewis Melville writes as one having authority, and it is due to him to say that this is by far the best book on Beau Nash that has yet been published. 'Goldsmith's Life' was a mere piece of book-making and yields us no very definite impression of its subject. Mr. Melville writes with fuller knowledge and with greater enthusiasm, and the result is a recognizable portrait. Few characters in history have enjoyed in their time a greater reputation than Richard Nash. A man of no very exalted parentage and—at the outset of his career at least—of few social advantages, he wielded in his time an unchallenged lordship over his subjects. Nash was King of Bath in a far more real sense than George III was King of England. Duchesses quailed before him, and the highest personages of the land were powerless to appeal against his decisions. He met his master, however, in John Wesley. The story of the encounter has been told before, but it will bear repeating. "Your preaching frightens people out of their wits," said Nash to the great evangelist. "Sir," replied Wesley, "did you ever hear me preach?" "No," "How then can you judge of what you have never heard?" "By common report." "Sir, is not your name Nash? I dare not judge of you by common report!" Nash cordially disliked Wesley, but after that he could hardly have failed to respect him.

Diving for Treasure. By Lieut.-Commander G. Williams, R.N. Faber and Gwyer. 10s. 6d.

COMMANDER WILLIAMS is an experienced and intrepid diver. In this little book he tells of some of his more exciting exploits during salvage operations. He took part in the raising of treasure from the *Laurentic*, the White Star liner which was sunk off Lough Swilly by a German submarine in 1917. The salvaging took six years, and of the six millions of gold and silver on board her when she went down, gold bars worth £4,500,000 and silver specie worth £250,000 were recovered by divers. The wreck was at a depth of 90 feet, exposed to the full force of Atlantic gales, and the salvagers were harried, during their early attempts, by enemy submarines. The author describes his first gruesome descent into the ship in 1918: "I forced a door, and descending the staircase to the ship's saloon, I paused, for something hit me—it was a human body, and there before me in the water were the bodies of men, women and children. . . . It was a horrifying sight, these swollen bodies of glaring eyes and drifting hair, contorted arms and legs, all coming towards me." He was present at the first efforts to raise the German fleet at Scapa Flow, and had many adventures during the war in the Salvage Section. He describes the apparatus of divers, the dangers of attack by deep-sea monsters, the methods of descending and ascending—a diver descends in a minute or two to a depth of 200 feet,

whereas it should take three or four hours to come up—and the agonies suffered when the compression is too suddenly reduced. The author pretends to no literary gifts; he writes simply and straightforwardly; but the book gains rather than loses by the cool, matter-of-fact manner in which he describes great feats of endurance and amazing adventures.

The Etchings of Frank Brangwyn, R.A. Catalogue Raisonné by William Gaunt. The Studio. £2 2s.

ADMIRERS and collectors of Mr. Brangwyn's etchings will be glad of this book. Besides the usual information supplied in a *catalogue raisonné*, such as date of composition, dimensions, metal of plate, number of impressions, prints in public galleries, and so forth, there are reproductions of all the 331 etchings. The majority of these are small, and merely for identification purposes, but there are several full-page reproductions, eight of which are in hand-printed photogravure. There is a valuable chronological list of the plates, with the corresponding numbers of the Fine Art Society's catalogue and Mr. Newbolt's catalogue. This should prevent any subsequent confusion in the identification of prints. There are good indices and a bibliography. The book is handsomely produced and bound.

Legends of the Fenland People. By Christopher Marlowe. Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d.

MR. MARLOWE has prefaced his legends with a foreword, in which he outlines the history of the Fenland people and gives a short account of their peculiarities and their superstitions. His method of presenting the legends themselves is less satisfactory: he has turned them into "fairy-tales"; his style is flowery and long-winded; and instead of the sturdy fen-dwellers, he makes his heroes and heroines into romantic people such as one finds in a child's story book. The book is not, presumably, meant for children; but it is unlikely to appeal to the student of folk-lore and legend.

Bird Notes and News. Published by the R.S.P.B. 4s. per annum.

THE Autumn number of *Bird Notes and News*, now enlarged to 24 pages, contains as usual a wide variety of information on all the recent events affecting the question of bird protection. There are, for instance, useful articles on the recent moor-burning legislation, the eating of song-birds in Mediterranean countries, sanctuaries, oil on the waters, the debate on the Wild Birds Protection Bill, Dr. Lowe's report on the plight of European wildfowl, and an interesting account of the use of caged redpolls (instead of canaries) in detecting dangerous gases in collieries. Hardly anything of interest on the subject is overlooked; in fact to anyone wishing to keep in touch with these depressing questions, about which so much is said and so little done, *Bird Notes and News* is indispensable. Its tone must inevitably be propagandist, but the aim of the propaganda would gain by a slight correction. Too little of it is purely in the interests of bird protection, and too much purely in the interests of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

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ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for Acrostic Competition are on occasion omitted. They will, however, always appear at least once a month.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 243
(Twelfth of the 17th Quarter.)

PAINTER AND SCULPTOR FAMED, OF GRECIAN RACE.
THE FIRST CALLED EPHEBUS HIS NATIVE PLACE;
THE LAST, IN PAROS BORN, AS AUTHORS SAY,
WITH VENUS AND WITH CUPID MADE GREAT PLAY.

1. What lies before you was what now you seek.
2. Would not be one, did he not deem us weak.
3. Lettonia boasts this great commercial port.
4. The dock, books tell me, is a well-known sort.
5. Your tibia now at both ends clip you must.
6. If so it be, it will exclude the dust.
7. A well-stocked larder keeps this handsome bird.
8. In Mah'met's Paradise my notes are heard.
9. A minus quantity to vintners known.
10. Exciting discontent against the throne.

Solution of Acrostic No. 241

T	ouris	T	The willow of Ps. cxxxvii. 2 is by some
W	illo	W	thought to be the <i>oleander</i> .
E	xcellenc	E	"So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
E	ndiv	E	The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish
D	eman	D	deeds." <i>Paradise Lost</i> , iv, 393.
L	ethargica	L	"O tar!
E	xcus	E	Cf. Pope's epigram on the feud between
D	otar	D	Handel and Bononcini:—
U	rban	E	"Strange! all this difference should be
M	ul	E	'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.

ACROSTIC NO. 241.—The winner is Mr. Andrew Ken, 28 Bishopsgate, E.C., who has selected as his prize 'Prime Ministers of the Nineteenth Century,' edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw, published by Macmillan and reviewed in our columns on October 30 under the title 'Victorian Statesmen.' Thirty-three other competitors chose this book, sixteen named 'The Fight for the Ashes'; many put down books not published by firms in our list, and therefore not available as prizes.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armada, Bolo, Mrs. J. Butler, J. Chambers, Maud Crowther, Doric, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Met, Stucco, Albert E. K. Wherry.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Baldersby, Barberry, Beechworth, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Ceyx, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Dinkie, D. L., Dodeka, East Sheen, Sir Reginald Egerton, E. K. P., Iago, Miss Kelly, John Lennie, Lilian, Mrs. A. Lole, Martha, George W. Miller, Muriel, N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, Rho Kappa, St. Ives, Sir Joseph Tichborne, Trike, H. M. Vaughan, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu, Yewden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ape, Carlton, Ruth Carrick, Chailey, Chip, J. R. Cripps, Reginald P. Eccles, Glamis, Reginald J. Hope, Jeff, Madge, Lady Mottram, G. A. Newall, Parvus, Red Cot, C. J. Warden. All others more.

J. B.—Solutions must reach us not later than the first post on Friday morning. Alternatives are not allowed, but if the word selected is considered just as good as the author's it is accepted.

J. R. C.—Glad to know that our Acrostics afford you so much delight.

G. W. M. "Round-towerR" was a fairly obvious misprint for Round-towerS (in the proof the word was printed correctly). I believe you are right about Round-towers: that they are the ancient structures found in Ireland, "the forefingers of the early Church, pointing us all to God," as Father Dempsey says in 'John Bull's Other Island'; and that Martello towers, though round towers, are not round-towers.

LILIAN.—Having regard to what G. W. M. has said, I will accept Ramillies. I cannot see the point of Mortgagee, unless you read House for Horse.

JEFF.—Since a mule may be brother to a horse, surely it may as easily be uncle to one as nephew.

JOHN LENNIE.—"A baker's dozen here" means: Here are thirteen riddles—if you call the Proem one. Or we may regard the Acrostic as one riddle containing twelve others, the Lights. There was no misprint. As regards Light 5, the old Jews were so far from being contented with half a Jewess that they wanted several; but no one wants a woman who is even half a Shrew. In acrostics you must expect to find double meanings, not logic.

CEYX.—I think my reply to G. W. M. answers your question.

MOTORING

TRAFFIC CONTROL

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE Metropolitan borough councils are concerned at the growing charge upon their rates for the supplying of policemen to regulate traffic. It is felt that, as this is largely due to the greatly increased motor traffic, the Road Fund ought to bear some of the increased expenditure. The Finsbury Borough Council has sent a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to this effect, and is supported in its attitude by the Metropolitan Boroughs Standing Joint Committee and by the Councils of Bermondsey, St. Pancras, Shoreditch, Paddington, Holborn, Poplar, St. Marylebone and Lambeth. Stepney and Woolwich councils have refused to support the suggestion. Every motor owner will agree that these two councils are the only ones that have any sense of perspective; if the principle were once conceded that local councils should be permitted to draw on the Road Fund to pay some of the cost of traffic control, every city, town and village in the land would equally and rightfully claim to have part of their expenditure for this work borne by the Road Fund. The traffic control policeman in Richmond, Manchester, Henley or Brighton, for example, is doing the same work as the constable on point duty at St. Pancras or Finsbury; it is therefore ridiculous to suggest that the Metropolitan boroughs should be relieved of such charges unless equal concessions are given to other boroughs throughout the country. The Finsbury Council, in its letter to the Chancellor, stated that it had no desire to criticize the work of the police, or to suggest any proposals for a reduction in the remuneration of the force or the necessary expenditure required for its maintenance in full strength and on an efficient basis. It desires that money originally demanded from the motor-owning community for the improvement of the roads of the country should also help to meet the cost of controlling the traffic on the roads. The council has, so far, received only a formal acknowledgment of this letter.

Motorists are contributing some twenty million pounds per annum to the Road Fund, which is hardly sufficient to cover the programme of road improvement approved by the Ministry of Transport. If this new demand is acceded to, such taxation would rather be increased than reduced, and further handicap road improvement. The London County Council, in one of their recent Reports, state that the cost of maintaining a motor carriage and driver is three hundred and fifty pounds a year. The British motor industry is already handicapped sufficiently in its efforts to add to the commercial prosperity of the country by enlarging its sphere of activities at home and abroad. Any increased demands militate against an industry which Ministers of the Crown are constantly stating should be encouraged, as one of the safety bulwarks of our nation. It is not difficult to realize that statesmen appreciate the general usefulness of an industry that helps to increase the transport facilities of goods and passengers in the days of peace, and can be transformed in an emergency into a formidable weapon of defence.

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Editor - H. M. SWANWICK

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE size of the applications for the recently issued Belgian Stabilization Loan has led to considerable discussion on the question of the stag. Investors have been complaining that they cannot secure adequate allotments of a popular loan because the stag (the person who applies with the sole object of selling the moment dealings start at a premium) applies in such quantities that there is not enough stock to go round. The suggestion has been gravely put forward that the 5% application money should be increased to 25%, as it is thought that the stag would be stopped for financial reasons from applying in such large quantities as at present. In this connexion it is interesting to note that after the Belgian Loan had been successfully floated in London, £1,500,000 of the same loan was offered in Amsterdam on exactly the same terms as London, with one exception—the bond had to be paid up in full on November 16. The result, in view of the present controversy, is interesting, applicants receiving £100 of stock for every £50,000 applied for! This seems to point to the fact that when a loan is cheap, whether applications emanate from investors or stags, they will always total a big amount, no matter how much has to be paid on application and allotment. I would, however, like to draw attention to another aspect of this case. What is the objection to the stag? Why should one class of investor claim that he is entitled to receive more consideration than another? In my opinion, the stag fulfils a very useful function, inasmuch as he assures relief to the underwriters, and if he sells his allotment immediately he receives it, I see no particular reason why he should be begrudged the small profit he makes. After all, he has to stand the racket if the issue is not a success. The objection to the stag should come from the issuing houses, first on the ground that he causes them a considerable amount of extra work, and secondly because the market in the new issue is apt to be erratic until he is out of the way. At the same time I think that if a consensus of opinion were taken, the issuing houses would not wish to do away with the stag entirely, although he may be troublesome in the case of a loan the success of which is so obvious as the one under consideration.

SELFRIDGE'S

With a blaze of publicity, the second Selfridge issue has made its appearance this week. It is a little difficult to decide how an issue of this nature should be judged. If the standpoint to be taken is whether the shareholders are likely to receive an adequate return on their investments, then the Selfridge prospectus gives little ground for criticism. Three million ordinary shares of £1 were issued, and 300,000 deferred shares of 2s. The ordinary shares are to receive 7% before the deferred shares participate, and I see no reason why those who subscribe for the ordinary shares should not receive their 7% and perhaps a little over. If, however, the prospectus is judged from the standpoint of what the vendors and the promoters should receive, there is a good deal in this issue with which fault can be found. First, the Beecham Trust received 5% for underwriting the issue. I think that £150,000 was an unnecessarily large amount for the new company

to have paid for this service. We then come to the vendor consideration. The promoting company, Selfridge's, have sold to the new company certain businesses for £1,400,000. No independent valuation of these businesses is included in the prospectus, and although two of the businesses were purchased within the ten days prior to the issue of the prospectus, no information is volunteered as to whether any intermediary profits have been made or not. But perhaps the most serious criticism is that connected with the guarantee. Selfridge and Company guarantee the dividend of the new ordinary shares at 7% for a period of three years, and in consideration they are to be allowed to subscribe for £2,700,000 deferred 2s. shares at par. After the ordinary shares have received a dividend of 7%, the deferred receive 7%, and the remaining profits are to be divided equally between the two classes of shares. This arrangement, to my mind, justifies criticism. If the ordinary shares in the new company require a guarantee, then the cash purchase price is too high. If, on the other hand, the guarantee is a nominal one, then the vendor company has received too great a consideration in the form of virtually the bulk of the deferred shares. Particularly does this lay the issue open to serious criticism when it is realized that ordinary shareholders apparently have one vote for every five £1 shares, while the deferred shareholders have one vote for every 2s. share. The name of Selfridge will probably work wonders in the provinces, and the business, I trust, will do extremely well in the future, but the issue does not reflect any great credit on those responsible for it, and personally I would describe it as savouring of the bargain basement. It will be interesting to see at what discount the ordinary will be procurable, and to what premium the deferred will be elevated.

FRENCH WAR BONDS

British holders of French War Bonds have naturally been concerned at the manner in which the value of their investment has been depreciated by the fall in the franc, and now that the stabilization of the French currency appears reasonably imminent they feel that steps should be taken to place their position before the authorities in Paris before it is too late. Their subscriptions to the Loan were made at a time when the franc was stabilized, and whether they invested their money with the object of assisting an ally, or whether the motive was the more sordid one which generally actuates investments, they appear to have grounds for complaint if the franc is stabilized at about one-sixth of its former value and nothing is done for them. With the object of making the necessary representations a committee has been formed with headquarters at 15 King Street, St. James, S.W.1, and bondholders are invited to forward their names and addresses with the particulars of the bonds they hold to the Secretary of the Committee of British holders of French War Bonds at that address.

MANBRE SUGAR

In sympathy with sugar shares in general, those of the Manbre Company have been slightly easier of late. I feel that this sympathetic set-back is quite unjustified. The dullness of sugar companies is due to the glut of sugar, but Manbre is a purchaser not a producer. In these circumstances I feel that holders need have no misgivings.

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THE NOVEMBER MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for November has two papers of literary interest. Mr. W. B. Kemping writes on 'The Tercentenary of Edward Alleyn,' the actor and founder of Dulwich College, describing his life and the part he played in the history of the Elizabethan stage. Mr. S. Gwynn writes on Deloney in 'An Elizabethan Novelist and a French Critic.' Deloney's works were published complete in 1912 at Oxford, but it apparently needs foreign appreciation to bring them to public notice. We should hardly call Deloney a novelist in England, though M. Chevalley insists he is one. There are three articles on Franco-German relations, one on the continuity of Russian aims as regards India, called 'Bolshevism and the New Islam.' Mr. Machray writes on Rumanja and Mr. Corbett on Mr. Winston Churchill.

The *London Mercury* devotes its editorial notes to the memory of the late A. B. Walkley. It prints two sonnets by Mr. Shanks, a Hobo song by Mr. R. Nichols, and a long and beautiful 'Shrines' by Miss Wellesley. Mr. Powys writes on 'The Genius of Peter Breughel'—the "Sancho Panza of Painters." Mr. Salzman rambles on pleasantly about 'Shakespeare and the Quarter Sessions,' and Mr. R. W. Chapman in 'Boswell's Proof Sheets' gives us a description of how Boswell dealt with the printer as 'The Life of Johnson' was going through the press. Mr. Edmund Blunden deals sympathetically with 'The Poems of Henry Vaughan.' The leading 'Chronicles' are by J. C. S., Mr. Shanks, Prince Mirsky, and Mr. R. E. Roberts. We should like Mr. Newdigate to deal with the probabilities of the earliest printers having used wooden punches for type-founding, as Mr. Eliot Hodgkin suggested.

The *National Review* in the 'Episodes of the Month' deals with International Finance, the Imperial Conference, the Liberal leadership, Conservative policy, and Sport. The Vice-Provost of Eton directs attention to two Alexandrian poets, Callimachus, from whom he translates a few lines, and Apollonius Rhodius, whose epic on Jason the Argonauts was the last fine flower of Greek epic. Mrs. Eric George writes a pleasant article on the career of 'Sir John Hawkins as a Justice of the Peace' and finds much that is good in a man who has been generally blamed for meanness. Mr. Macrae deals with some 'Delusions Concerning Deer Forests' and the expulsion of Highlanders. Miss Pitt describes salmon-fishing in Norway, and Lord Killanin his new home at Lee-on-the-Solent. The political articles are by the Duke of Northumberland, Mr. Stutfield and Mr. Colvin, and there are other interesting papers to make up a good number.

Blackwood opens with an important article on 'The Future of British Industry' and its international relations. The most interesting paper in the number describes the early career of Admiral G. V. Jackson, who is generally supposed to have been the Peter Simple of Marryat. There is the usual crop of first-rate minor fiction and 'Musings without Method,' after savaging Mr. Lloyd George and the Trade Unions, falls to the congenial task of commemorating Mr. Walkley's scholarly wit.

The *Adelphi*, under the title 'Patriotism is Enough,' discusses the difficulty of expressing native thoughts in foreign languages, however well they are known, in a very lucid manner. Mr. Aylmer Maude protests against the general misunderstanding of Tolstoy's theory of Art and tries to find an explanation for it. Hazlitt's 'Characters of Contemporary Poets' is illuminating. The Journeyman on 'Prestige' is good criticism, and the Contributors' Club is better than it has been for some time past.

Cornhill concludes its 'Sheaf of Letters from Jane Welsh Carlyle'; there is a good account of Carlyle's being drawn out by Ruskin. Rowland Grey describes the life work of Mrs. Trollope and the atmosphere in which Anthony was brought up. Major Young completes his story of the great desert raid which cut off the Turks' communications with Palestine. Mr. William Farren draws a touching picture of 'Old Age and the Actor,' and there are some good short stories and sketches, one of the career of Lady Arabella Stuart.

The *English Review* in a paper by Prof. Sarolea traces the origin of 'The Economic Crisis in Great Britain' to the policy of encouraging industry instead of agriculture for the past two centuries. Mr. James Johnston studies the career of Lord Hugh Cecil; Sir T. Comyn-Platt deals with 'The Future of Persia,' and Dr. Bolton with 'Psycho-Analysis.' Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis satirizes the Correspondence Column; Mr. W. Chance is enthusiastic about 'Henry Ford—Industrial Philosopher'; and there is some lively reviewing. A good number.

The *Empire Review* attacks the articles in the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* on Russian subjects, which show sympathy with the Soviet dictators. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy puts in a plea for a good collection of 'Swinburne's Prose.' Swinburne knew how to praise, and what in a writer was good or bad. Mr. Le Bourdais points out the possibilities of reindeer meat as a new source of supply. The 'Medical Notes' deal with angina pectoris. Other papers deal with the Imperial Conference, Iraq and East African Development. Mr. F. Birrell reviews Prof. Rostovtzeff's New History, under the title of 'The Social Revolution of the Third Century.'

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